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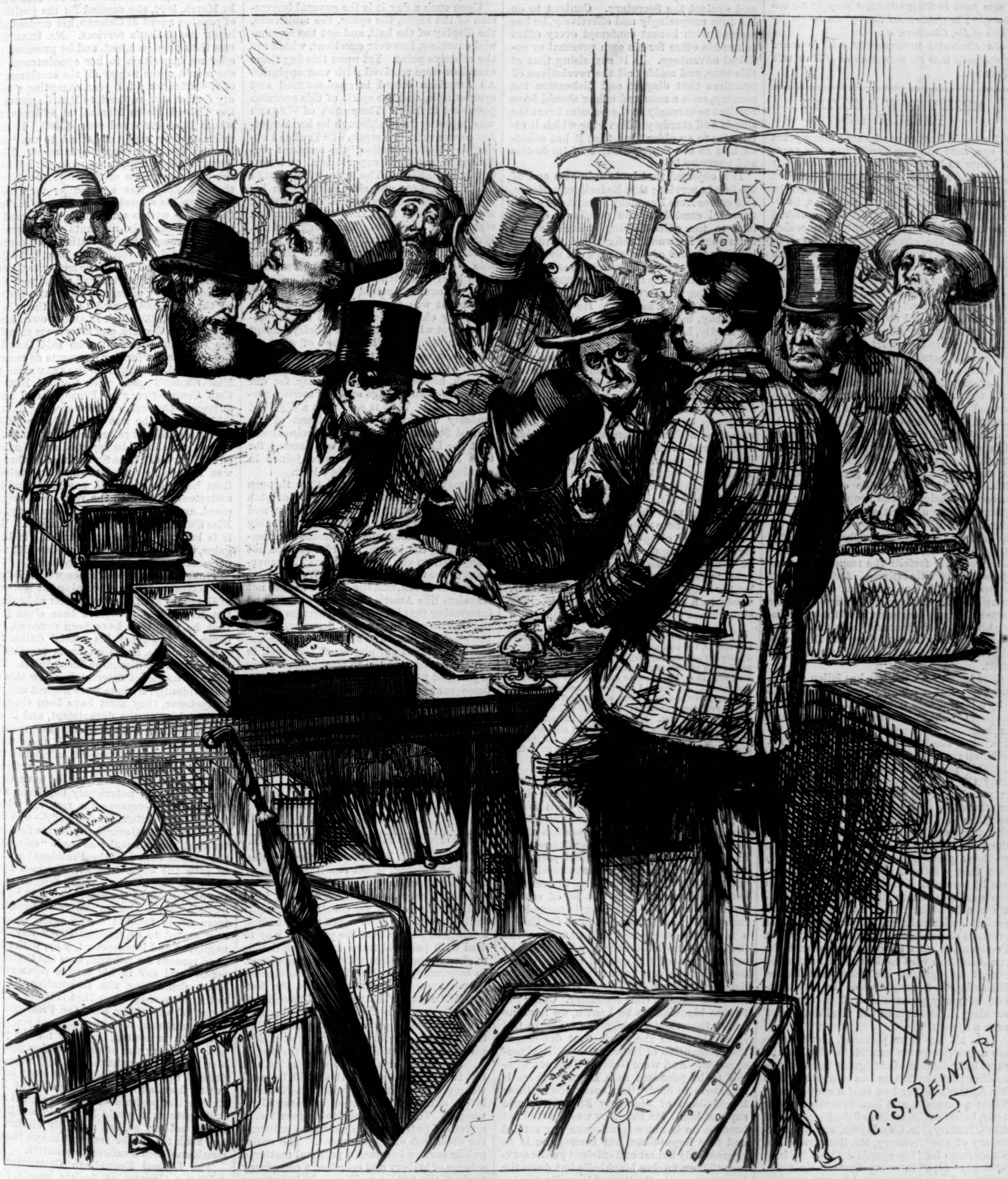

OUR CENTENNIAL—THE RUSH FOR ROOMS AT THE PHILADELPHIA HOTELS.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 422.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 27, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a carefully drawn four-page*

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA,

showing all the principal buildings and the Centennial Grounds. The reading matter comprises a new poem by Swinburne, *a story by the author of "The Calderwood Secret," an interesting sketch of Dr. Chalmers, etc.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

MR. BRISTOW AND THE PRESIDENCY.

It was Mr. Lowndes who said, many years ago, that the Presidency was too great an honor to be sought or declined, and our history shows that it has generally eluded those who most passionately pursued it. Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Douglas, Seward, Chase, are names of distinguished Americans who had an evident, unconcealed longing for the office, but who never obtained it. Taylor, Lincoln, Grant, were sought by the office. The diary of John Quincy Adams tells the story of the famous contest of 1824, which ended in his own election by the House. Yet he was the candidate who really did nothing to secure success. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, spared no effort to gain the prize, and failed ignominiously. Forty years later Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, was equally devoted to his own nomination, until the publication of the Pomeroy circular and the patriotic unanimity of feeling for Lincoln put an end to the intrigue. It is certainly only natural that able men in high political position should earnestly desire the highest. The ambition of such men for the Presidency may be perfectly honorable. But it is honorable only when it leaves the choice of the people wholly unfettered. The moment an aspirant condescends "to pull wires" in any way whatever, the instant that he personally and directly attempts to affect the expression of preference, he justly forfeits the respect and confidence of patriotic citizens. And the reason is obvious. No one who has been really mentioned for the nomination can take any personal part in securing it without exposing himself to the just suspicion that he has "come to an understanding," or that some kind of bargain is hidden under the arrangement.

The tone of our politics has fallen so low, however, that it is now asked in good faith why a man should not help on his own nomination if he is conscious of the ability and experience indispensable in so great an office. But the Presidency should be the unsolicited reward of conspicuous and unquestionable public service. It is in its idea truly the gift of the people. It is not a prize to be played for with tricks and craft, or secured by skillful manipulation of Conventions and delegates by pledges and instructions and official machinery. This is the true Republican theory. But how far we have gone astray may be seen in the fact that Charles Francis Adams, who has by common consent the character and the qualities which are especially desirable in a President, who has the courage of perfect independence, which is the most precious and the least common quality in a President, is also by common consent the one American who could not be nominated except as against the party candidates. If this be the consequence of the strict system of party government, it is the most striking illustration of the vital defects of such a system.

It is all the more pleasant, therefore, to see a possible party candidate who has the same lofty disdain of intriguing for his nomination that Mr. Adams has to-day and that Mr. Adams's father had half a century ago. What a contrast, and how favorable to our time, between the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Crawford, and the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Bristow! Mr. Crawford had his agents and his "wires" and his "pipe" in every State. He toiled early and late to procure his own nomination. The candidacy of Mr. Bristow is the free and natural expression of the desire of honest citizens for administrative reform. It arose both within and without the Republican party. The good sense which saw that such reform is indispensable, and that it is most practicable within existing methods, seems instinctively to have selected as its representative the citizen who, as a party man, and in the ordinary course of his official duties, has made that reform a fact in the face of the most formidable and insidious hostility. Yet no one can say that he has ever said a word, or written a line, or authorized an act to influence the nomination. Other candidates have sent out agents, have controlled Conventions, or have carefully hidden their hands, knowing that the machine was set to aid them. But the Secretary of the Treasury, although at the head of the department which has much the largest patronage, has seen without protest candidates for the nomination influencing the appointment of important officers in his own department, who were to use the force of their positions for those candidates and against the Secretary. Content to do his duty unsparingly and effectively, he has scorned with honest contempt every effort to use his office for his own personal or political advantage. Is it surprising that at this time, and amidst all the revelations of practices that disgust and dishearten the country, such a man and officer should have recalled so strongly to the popular heart the simple and sturdy public virtue which it attributes to an older time, that it has selected him as the representative of its desires and purposes?

It is objected that he is unknown and of too brief a service; that he lacks experience, and comes from Kentucky; that he is a sentimental candidate, and peculiarly obnoxious to the office-holding interest, which fears that he would reform and purify all incumbents out of place. We are not arguing, but observing, and as observers we can see with every body that Mr. Bristow is very much better known than Fremont and Lincoln were in 1856 and 1860. He comes from Kentucky, indeed, and of an early antislavery family, himself an antislavery man from the beginning, refusing to support a Whig candidate for Governor who had warmly approved the Dred Scott decision, and hastening among the first to the field when slavery rose in rebellion. It is true that Andrew Johnson betrayed the Republican cause and the party, but he had never been any thing else than a slavery Democratic politician, and the end might have been foreseen. Mr. Bristow represents the idea of the party today as Fremont, Lincoln, and Grant represented it when they were nominated. The objections to Mr. Bristow's candidacy, so far as we know them, are merely the expressions of those who prefer some one else, and who feel obliged to give some reason for not favoring the Secretary. It can not be denied that his hold upon the popular heart is very strong, and it is not weakened by the following letter which he recently wrote to a citizen of Massachusetts. The significance of the letter is its truth.

> "I have not sought, nor can I consent to seek, by any means, my own advancement, nor am I willing to do any act or take any step to place myself before the public as a candidate for office. I am quite content to discharge as well as I can the duties of the office which I now hold. Of course I can not be insensible to the support given me by earnest and honest men in my humble efforts to enforce the law and collect the revenues levied by law. Expressions of confidence and support from citizens of Massachusetts are peculiarly grateful to me, because they come from an enlightened and patriotic community upon which I have no claims, personal or official."

This is the man whom twelve members of the Union League Club in New York think unworthy of their company. This is the Republican whom twelve Republicans have blackballed. There was no question of Mr. Bristow's personal character or fitness. The result is wholly due to political pretenses. The professed objection is that the whiskey prosecutions were undertaken to secure a Democratic nomination. It is, of course, highly probable. A former antislavery Kentucky Whig and sturdy soldier of the Union, a man who supported Lincoln from the first, and who in Kentucky advocated the equal rights of the colored citizen, is undoubtedly the very man to seek, as Republican Secretary of the Treasury, a Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Could the twelve blackballers be known, we have no doubt that they would prove to be in full sympathy with the spirit that denounced the prosecution of Babcock as political persecution. And were General Babcock himself to be proposed as a member, there is no reason to doubt that every one of these blackballers of Secretary Bristow would support him. Mr. Bristow was rejected not because he is not a gentleman nor a tried and true Republican, but because he is an aggressively honest and efficient public servant. Those twelve blackballs but draw the line more emphatically and ineradicably between Republican reformers and Republican "bummers."

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

At the very moment announced in the programme for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, General Hawley lifted his hand, the great orchestra played the national airs of all countries, and the Exhibition was opened. The day was beautiful, the scene unprecedented and inspiring, the vast throng kept itself in order, and the opening ceremonies were as punctually and admirably and successfully performed as General Hawley himself could have wished. To him and Mr. Welsh and Mr. Goshorn and their associates the utmost credit is due for the success of the day. They have toiled through good and evil report for many a weary month, and every American may now gratefully see to what good result. The pageant of the opening and the spectacle of the Exhibition are both worthy of the country and of the occasion, and no similar event in any country has been more satisfactory.

Upon such a day it is the general impression of the scene, the space, the multitude, the display of the hall, and not the ceremonial exercises, however excellent, which are the effective point. Yet upon this day those exercises were received with vast applause. An American crowd is good-natured and sympathetic, and the spirit of this occasion possessed it fully. The march of Wagner was imposing; and although he had forgotten to weave in it a strain of "Yankee Doodle" or "Hail, Columbia," the resonant performance satisfied expectation, and was amply applauded. The hymn of Whittier has a directness and simplicity which belong to such an occasional composition; and the music of Mr. Paine was solemn and stately and adequate. The singing of Mr. Whitney in Mr. Lanier's cantata, set to Mr. Buck's music, was so acceptable that his solo was actually encored. The speeches were brief and fitting. That of the President, of course, excited the most interest, because it was that of the President. It was very characteristic; plain and appropriate, yet without fervor or felicity, except in one passage: "While proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found." That is said with a dignified modesty worthy of the President of the United States. It was a happy coincidence that the Emperor of Brazil was present, for thus North and South America joined in opening the American World's Fair.

It may justly be expected that throngs of visitors will fill the city of Philadelphia during the summer. Travel is so easy and the habit of travel so general that probably hundreds of thousands of persons are contemplating the journey. From Europe not many visitors can be expected. The movement of travel is always from West to East across the ocean, and the Europeans are not travelers like Americans. It is curious and interesting that intelligent observers regard the Japanese and Chinese departments as the most complete and attractive in the Exhibition, so that our picture of last week in which the Asians have so prominent a place is justified not only by the necessity of picturesqueness, but by fact. The auspicious beginning is an omen of brilliant success. And may the *annus mirabilis* which shows so noble a display of the works of our mechanical and material genius not close without beholding the moral triumphs of a people politically true to

> "The austere virtues strong to save,
> The honor proof to place or gold,
> The manhood never bought nor sold!"

THE INDISPENSABLE REFORM.

The case of Miss Sweet, the pension agent at Chicago, is but one illustration of the natural corruption of our civil service system. Scores of instances of every kind and degree of wrong are constantly brought to light, with the good result of persuading intelligent people that the practical way to deal with political fraud and corruption is to change the system which produces them. In concluding his powerful and convincing speech upon impeachment before the Senate, Mr. George F. Hoar said, "I have heard in highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public office that the true way in which power should be gained in the republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge." This is the inevitable result of a system of patronage which makes influence the condition of appointment. The entire public service becomes a personal matter, a scheme of bribery and coercion, a conspiracy against the public welfare. It becomes a terrorism in the interest of party managers. We receive letters from office-holders in other States, addressed upon the outside in a feigned hand to avoid identification, yet containing nothing more treasonable than an expression of sympathy with the movement to break the sordid despotism of patronage. But the writers feel that it might cost them their places should the fact of their independence be known. Even if they are mistaken, the apprehension shows the character of the system. "I sympathize with you," said an office-holder to a delegate to the New York Convention who was opposed to the nomination of Mr. Conkling, "but I don't dare to say so." A system which so humiliates honest and intelligent men is disgraceful. It is a public calamity which affects every decent citizen. And the removal of so mean and demoralizing a system is the most pressing public necessity.

This was the case of Miss Sweet. She was the daughter of General Sweet, formerly Deputy-Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and a gallant soldier of the late war. In March, 1874, she applied for the position of pension agent at Chicago, her credentials being her father's services. Mr. Blakely was then pension agent, and he promised to offer no opposition to her appointment if she would agree to pay all the emoluments of the office for a full year, excepting a salary for her own support, to B. A. Campbell, the United States Marshal at Chicago, to whom Blakely owed some $5000. If she refused, these men threatened to use "influence" to prevent her appointment. Miss Sweet agreed, and was appointed. When she took possession of the office, she found that Blakely was a defaulter for $3000, and upon his appeal and promise to restore the money within a few days, she signed a statement that the accounts were correct, and so assumed the defalcation. Of course Blakely did not restore the sum, but Miss Sweet continued to pay the money to Campbell for a year. At the end of the year she declined to pay more, and Campbell insisted that she had agreed to pay the whole amount of $5000 which Blakely owed him. There was a dispute, and after some months she told the President, who said that he should consider further payments as reason for removal. Meanwhile Blakely came to Miss Sweet's office with General Baker, then Commissioner of Pensions, and now Surveyor-General of Minnesota. Baker told her that she was in default for $4000, and if she did not raise the money that afternoon she should be reported and dismissed in disgrace. Miss Sweet replied that it was impossible, but Blakely ascertained from her that she could pay $2000, and he undertook to furnish the rest. She acquiesced, and paid the money. The story, as Miss Sweet tells it, is most shameful. Yet it is but one instance of hundreds of bargains, understandings, and frauds which are necessarily spawned by the system.

Three or four weeks since we published the correspondence concerning the removal of General Price, the postmaster at Lexington, Kentucky. We have been since told that he ought to have been removed, because he neglected his official duties for other pursuits, and that he is practically incompetent to discharge those duties. We have no means of ascertaining how this is. But evidently, if there were neglect and incompetence, they must have been charged against him at the department, and if established, they were perfectly good reasons for his removal. Why, then, if there were such reasons, were they not alleged in the request of the department for his resignation? If, as is now represented to us, General Price was notoriously negligent and incompetent—reasons for removal which would have satisfied every body—why did the Postmaster-General say in his first letter that the removal was made "solely for the reason that he [the President] wishes to give the office to another person upon the representation of several friends as to the necessities of the case," and that "I acquiesce in the change simply to benefit a more needy family?" And again, if, as is now stated to us, General Price was both negligent and incompetent, why, with such good reasons for removal, does the Postmaster-General say in his second peremptory letter demanding the resignation, "I do not need to assure you that it is not on account of any thing that the President or this department may have against you that a change is desired, but only for the purpose of giving the office to another gentleman whose claims have been very urgently pressed upon the President by many influential friends?" If the department had known the postmaster to be negligent and incompetent, it would have said so. That it did not say so, but carefully disclaimed any such reason for removal, shows that it considered him a satisfactory officer.

The Liberal Republican Committee in calling a Convention declare, loosely, that the civil service of the government can be reformed by forbidding the re-election of the President. This was Mr. Sumner's view. But it does not touch the real difficulty. If the prohibition were adopted, and a Democratic President were elected to succeed a Republican, does the Liberal Republican Committee think that "honesty, capacity, and fidelity" would secure the thousands of minor offices to the honest and faithful men who might hold them? A two-term President who sincerely wished the reform could do very much more than a President for one term who did not. It is not a work to be done by resolutions in a convention, nor by aspirations in a call, but by the grim tenacity of an Executive who knows that if corruption is to be stopped, the public service must not be put up at auction nor controlled by "influential friends," and who sees that this result can be prevented only by carefully digested details and methods. To have such a President, there must be a public opinion that supports him; and to have such a public opinion, every man who believes that the reform is necessary must insist upon it, and not take for granted that the country prefers venality. The country—or our whole political doctrine is false—prefers honesty and common-sense, and will sustain the demand for a thorough reform of the civil service if the reasons are plainly and constantly set forth.

DEMOCRATIC REFORM.

Voters who are assured that the Democratic is the party of administrative reform are respectfully requested to study the conduct of that party in the one New England State, Connecticut, where Democracy is said to be of the purest kind. Connecticut before the war gave the country a Democratic Toucey, whom the country has not forgotten, and two years ago it gave the Senate a Democratic and "Copperhead" Eaton to succeed the Republican war Governor Buckingham. The selection of Mr. Eaton, who was known only as a Calhoun Democrat and a bitter opponent of the war, illustrated the acquiescence in the results of the war of which so much has been heard. If any body doubts that Mr. Eaton would support any project looking to the payment of Southern claims of any kind growing out of the war, the event would show him his error. Mr. Eaton is precisely the kind of man whom the "Ben Hill" Democrats would gladly see in control of the government.

Mr. Horatio Seymour has hardly ceased speaking of "the simple virtues, principles of honesty, and wisdom of our fathers which the Democratic party has ever upheld"—especially during the Tweed ascendency in New York—when the Connecticut branch of the party, in illustration of its devotion to simple virtue, honesty, wisdom, and administrative reform, selects as the colleague of Mr. Eaton Mr. W. H. Barnum, who is openly described in the papers as a "corruptionist" and "a rich and notoriously unscrupulous politician," who has outwitted Mr. English, his competitor, in intriguing and bribing for the place. Here's richness, as the excellent Mr. Squeers said. And amidst the solemn exhortations to an afflicted country to seek peace and purity and reform in the yearning Democratic bosom, this performance, not of an individual, but of the Democratic majority of a Legislature, is richness even beyond Squeers.

The Democratic brethren are constantly insisting that Belknap and Babcock and certain other Republicans are effectively the Republican party. But if that party must indeed bear the ugly responsibility, how about Pendleton, and Barnum, and Hill, and Tucker, and Fernando Wood, and the Democratic Legislature of Connecticut? Where in the Democratic press has there been any hearty and unmistakable condemnation of the doctrines of Tucker, or the spirit of Hill, or the conduct of Pendleton, or the shameful sale of the Connecticut Senatorship? On the other hand, where has there been more trenchant and unsparing condemnation of every kind and degree of Republican offenses and offenders than in the Republican press and by Republican orators? There has been no indication whatever that there is even any serious wish of reform upon the part of any considerable number of Democrats. Governor Tilden has a certain kind of reform reputation. He is a most adroit politician, and he is the most available candidate of his party for the Presidency. But he and his reforms notoriously do not represent the real forces of his party. The selection of a reformer as a party figure-head may be considered desirable as a stroke of policy. But there is no sign any where that the feeling or purpose of the party or of any important part of it is for reform. Reducing the salary of the minister to England from $17,500 to $14,000 does not prove it, and the hollowness of the action was shown by the conduct of Mr. Hewitt, a Democratic member from New York, who declared that the present salary did not support the minister properly, yet who voted to reduce it. This is a good illustration of the whole pretense of Democratic reform. The Democratic party, said Mr. Seymour, has not gained the confidence of the country. And the Senatorial bargain of Mr. Barnum will not help to gain it.

THE THREATENED TREATY.

The dispatch of Mr. Fish upon the Winslow case to Mr. Wickham Hoffman in London is an admirable and conclusive document. The Secretary's statement of the facts is an impregnable argument. The treaty of 1842 with England provides for the mutual extradition of criminals for certain specified offenses upon the presentation of such evidence as would justify commitment for trial in the country to which they have fled. In 1870 Parliament passed a law requiring a stipulation before extradition that the person surrendered should be tried after extradition for the offense alleged in the request of extradition, and for no other previous offense. This act was in itself unwise, because it aimed to regulate the administration of justice in foreign countries. But wise or unwise, it could not, of course, affect the conditions of a treaty made twenty-eight years before. Yet Great Britain now claims that it does affect them; and it takes this ground because of alleged possible proceedings in this country against the forger Lawrence. Great Britain asserts that he was extradited upon a single charge of forgery of a bond and affidavit. He has been indicted for no other, although other crimes were alleged in the requisition. But Great Britain, assuming to fear that he may be tried for some other offense, declines to surrender Winslow without an express assurance from the United States that he shall be tried only for the offense for which extradition is sought.

Mr. Fish shows that this is wholly new, that there has never been any such question raised hitherto, the principle of the treaty being that, upon cause duly shown, the offender shall be surrendered to justice, each state being the judge of its own administration of justice. He shows that the English practice has not been in accord with the claim now made, but that criminals returned to Great Britain have been tried and punished not only for offenses not alleged in the requisition for extradition, but offenses not included among those in the treaty for which extradition is to be granted. Moreover, the very committee of the Commons under whose auspices the act of 1870 was adopted agreed that there was no stipulation of the kind now asserted in the treaty with the United States. It is evident that the act of 1870 is applicable only to future treaties, and when the United States formally declared that they could not agree to any arrangement based upon the act, no objection was made by the British Government. The Lord Chief Justice of England and its best legal opinion hold that the law of 1870 did not mean to disturb existing treaties, and in no instance has the British practice of proceeding under the treaty been changed, so far as this country is concerned, since the passage of the act.

In the particular case of Winslow, Mr. Fish says that he is not aware of any intention to try him for any other offense than that for which his extradition is sought, but he distinctly adds that the United States will make no stipulation upon the subject, and the Secretary thus leaves to the British Government the responsibility of virtually terminating the Ashburton Treaty. Lord Derby's reply to Mr. Fish's dispatch will be laid before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs as soon as it arrives; and if Winslow should be discharged, measures will probably be taken to abrogate that part of the treaty which relates to extradition, the responsibility resting upon Great Britain.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN REFORM CLUB.

The list of the officers and members of the New York Republican Reform Club comprises many of the most substantial and representative Republicans of the city, and especially of that class from which the means of paying election expenses are sought. Like the similar clubs in St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, it shows how deep and strong is the demand of the mass of the party for reform. The declaration for hard money, an unpartisan civil service, thorough honesty and purity of administration, and against the office-holding control of politics, is pointed and unmistakable. The immediate object of the club is the cultivation and development of a public sentiment that shall make an injudicious nomination at Cincinnati impossible. Upon all sides there are similar movements and expressions which can not safely be defied, and which have not been known hitherto in the history of the party.

The reporters have asked leading members of the club as to their preference among candidates, and the probable course of the club in the event of a nomination which it disapproves. The members agreed in their answers that the club had no candidate as yet, and that it would probably not jump the river until it came to it. But its declarations are positive, and no candidate whose name is not the promise of what it demands could be acceptable to it. It is most significant that its few and simple principles are those which were set forth by the late Massachusetts Republican Convention and by the Republican Union in Missouri. They constitute the real platform of the party, and the character of those Republicans who publish them is the earnest that the objects sought are more reasonably to be expected of the Republican than of the Democratic party.

The precise manner in which the club will bring its influence to bear upon the Republican nomination is not as yet indicated. It will probably decide in good season that it is desirable to pronounce for some candidate who represents the objects at which it aims. Such a declaration would be equally strong as against other candidates. Nor can there be any doubt that the presence at Cincinnati of a delegation from the club would be most serviceable as representative of that commanding Republican opinion which is not always heard or felt in local party conventions, but which is very powerful at the polls. The theory is, of course, that the party is represented by its delegates in the National Convention. The fact is, as every body knows who knows how conventions are made, that it is but a very small fraction of the party which appears by representation at a convention. Any Republican, for instance, who will take the trouble to read the names of the delegates from the city of New York to the last State Convention, and then to read those of the officers and members of the Reform Club, can readily see that there was a very considerable and important element of the character and conviction of the party in the city that had no voice or representation in that delegation. For had the Republicans who have organized the club been satisfied with the action of the Convention as expressive of their views, they would certainly not have made this demonstration. The opinion and preference of this element should be known at Cincinnati, or the real position of the party in the State will be misrepresented.

The club, as we said, like the similar associations in various parts of the country, is proof of the wide diffusion of a feeling which has been taunted as that of a few writers for the press, who make their individual assertions do duty for public opinion. These writers, however, are but the hands and voices of a general sentiment and an inflexible resolution. Every day multiplies and confirms the evidence of a vigorous political independence. Every day more and more Republicans and Democrats are resolving that the candidate of their party must be something more than a party candidate, or they will not support him. But there are wise Republicans who expect such admirable nominations upon both sides that a fifth successive triumph of the Republicans achieved this year over the best Democratic candidate that can be selected will compel a Democratic dissolution and reorganization.

PERSONAL.

If the next President be chosen from among the candidates named, he will not be a poor man. On the Republican side, Mr. Blaine is the richest; Secretary Bristow and his wife are worth a quarter of a million; Governor Hayes still more; Senator Conkling is well off, his wife, a sister of ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, having inherited a handsome fortune; Senator Morton is in easy circumstances, though scarcely what would be called rich. On the Democratic side, Governor Tilden is the wealthiest—probably worth $2,000,000 or $3,000,000—and has the best Johannisberger of any politician in America; Judge Davis is worth $1,000,000; Senators Thurman and Bayard are well off, the wife of the latter having recently inherited a handsome fortune.

—One of the notable and peculiar men in the present Congress is Mr. Williams, of Indiana, familiarly called "Old Jimmy Williams." He wears a suit of ten-dollar Kentucky blue jeans, which has earned for Old Jimmy from his broadcloth neighbors the nickname of "Old Blue Jeans;" and his tall and awkward figure calls forth frequent allusions to his striking resemblance to honest old Abe Lincoln. Being a farmer, he believes in dressing like a farmer.

—Admiral Vernon Jackson, who died recently in England at the age of eighty-four, was the original of Marryat's capital character of O'Brien in *Peter Simple*.

—The last *Blackwood* has a fine article on Lord Palmerston—a criticism on Mr. Evelyn Ashley's life of that statesman. It says: "Lord Palmerston possessed vigorous health of mind and body, with the attributes of sanguine courage, high spirit, frankness, tenacious resolve, which usually belong to men of his physical strength and nature." M. Drouyn de Lhuys, speaking of him to Lord Clarendon on the eve of the Franco-Austrian war in 1859, said: "I sigh for one hour of Palmerston. No one knows better his faults than I do. I have often suffered by them, and so has England, and so has Europe. But his merits, his sagacity, his courage, his trustworthiness, are invaluable when you want a daring pilot in extremity." He held office for about forty-six out of fifty-eight years of public life, and declined as many important places as he accepted. In fact, throughout his life every Prime Minister except Sir Robert Peel sought his co-operation.

—The officers of Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tennessee, have resolved that, in honor of the founder, the Commodore's birthday shall be observed in that institution as a perpetual holiday. For the occasion a prize for oratory, called the Founder's Prize, has been established, for which there will be four competitors elected annually by the literary societies. Other exercises will be ordered by the faculty. On the 27th of May two addresses will be delivered—one by the president of the Board of Trust and one by the chancellor of the university.

—Perhaps the most notable "reception" ever held in America was that of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, on the evening of Centennial-day, May 10. Even in Washington, where officials and men of mark abound, no such gathering has been known. It has been reserved for Mr. Childs to be the first gentleman in the United States who, at a private reception, has been able to number among his guests the President of the United States with his wife; the members of the cabinet with their wives; the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States and their wives; the Emperor and Empress of Brazil; the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and other powers of Europe, Asia, and the Isles of the East; the Governors of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland; prominent members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States; Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, M'Dowell; Admirals Porter, Rowan, and Alden; goodly numbers of military and naval men who have won fame in battle; eminent judges, eminent divines, eminent lawyers, authors, journalists, artists—indeed, men famous in every branch of professional and private life. These were the guests of Philadelphia's most enterprising and generous publisher, whose life seems to be passed in doing acts of beneficence and in dispensing a princely hospitality.

—The Centennial is causing a rattling of the bones of certain historical Americans, who have not had that amount of statuary honor to which they were honestly entitled. The remains of Robert Fulton were lately discovered in the vault of the Livingston family, in Trinity Church-yard, where they were afforded a temporary resting-place until claimed by his friends. There they have remained since 1815. It is now proposed that his native State should reclaim the great inventor, give him a grave, and erect a monument over him. The body of Robert Morris, it appears, has also been suffered to remain unburied and unhonored in a vault in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and is to be interred during the Centennial with appropriate ceremonies. Certainly the nation owes a debt to the great financier who advanced his personal credit to carry on the war when the colonies could find neither credit nor cash elsewhere.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress did but little during the week ending the 13th. On the 8th, Senator Sargent introduced a resolution setting forth the injury resulting from Chinese immigration, and instructing the Committee on Commerce to consider the subject, and report a bill placing adequate restrictions upon the emigration of Chinese to this country. Agreed to. The House, on the same day, passed the Hawaiian Treaty Bill.—Both Houses met on the 9th, but as there was no quorum of either body, on account of the Centennial opening at Philadelphia, an adjournment until the 12th was voted. On the 13th, Mr. S. S. Cox was elected Speaker of the House, *pro tem.*

The Michigan Republican Convention met, on the 10th, at Grand Rapids, and elected delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, but gave them no instructions. The Democrats of Tennessee met, the same day, at Maryville, and declared for Tilden.

A terrific explosion of "rend-rock" powder took place, on the night of the 6th, in the magazine of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company, on Jersey City Heights. Many buildings were damaged, and glass windows in the lower part of this city were shattered by the force of the explosion. No lives were lost.

On the evening of the 8th a car of the North Hudson County Horse Railway line, while being hoisted to the top of Bergen Hill on the steam elevator, fell off the rear of the track, the bar not being up at the time, and was precipitated into the pit below, a distance of about fourteen feet. The passengers, of whom twenty-three were men and two women, were all injured, some of them fatally.

Piper, the Boston sexton, has confessed to his counsel that he murdered little Mabel Young in the church belfry, and that he has committed other similar crimes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

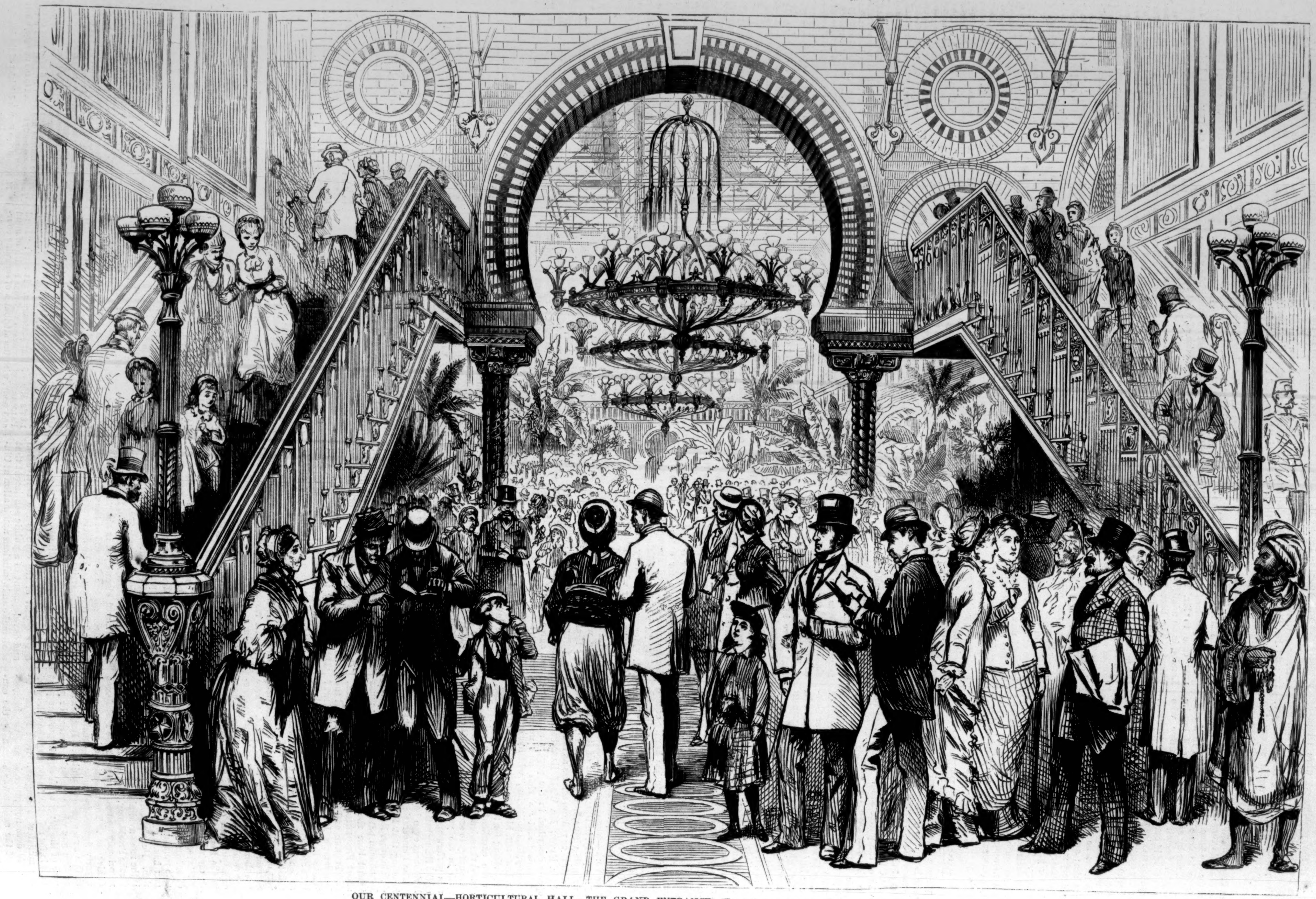
The Pope has written a reply to King Alfonso's last letter, which gave assurances that Spain was Catholic and that Catholics need fear nothing from the new constitution, and maintained that the religious liberty clause was not inconsistent with the spirit of the Concordat of 1851. The Pope thanks the king for his letter, but avoids discussion of the question at issue.

The Spanish Cortes, on the 12th, by a vote of 220 to 84, passed the constitutional clause providing for religious liberty.

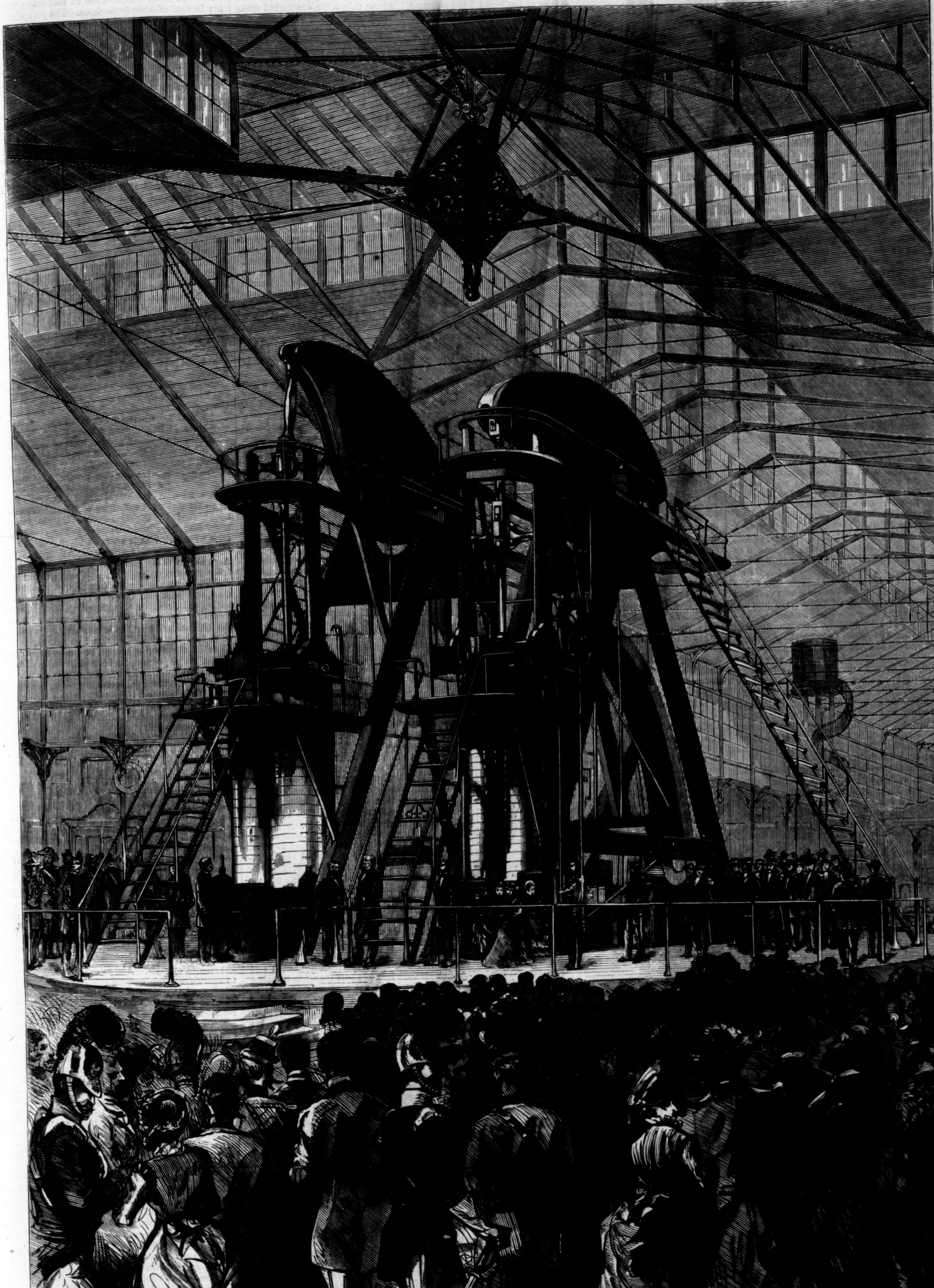
The British House of Commons, on the 11th, by a vote of 334 to 226, rejected the motion of Sir Henry James for a vote of censure on the course of the government in regard to the Royal Titles Act.

A sanguinary riot took place in Salonica, in European Turkey, on the 6th, between the Christians and Mohammedans. According to the story received at Paris, the American consul was at the railway station, when his attention was attracted by the cries of a Christian girl. She was surrounded by a score of Mussulmans, who wanted to take her forcibly to the mosque. The consul took the girl under his protection. While he was seeking for information as to her nationality, the German and French consuls were separately informed that a woman belonging to their respective nations had been dragged into a mosque. They consequently repaired to the mosque, where they were both assassinated.

M. Ricard, the French Minister of the Interior, died suddenly on the 12th.



OUR CENTENNIAL—HORTICULTURAL HALL—THE GRAND ENTRANCE.—From Sketches by our Special Artists.—[See Page 422.]



OUR CENTENNIAL—PRESIDENT GRANT AND DOM PEDRO STARTING THE CORLISS ENGINE.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 422.]

OUR CENTENNIAL.

The opening of the Centennial Exhibition on the 10th inst. was a grand and inspiring pageant, which every American may look back upon with patriotic pride and exultation. Nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the arrangements. There were no hitches, no delays; every thing went forward, according to the carefully arranged programme, in the most admirable order. Philadelphia was crowded with strangers from all parts of the world, and late-comers the evening before the opening day experienced some difficulty in finding accommodations. The rush for rooms at the hotels occasioned many humorous scenes like the one depicted in our first-page illustration. But all found a resting-place in time.

The weather was propitious. The rain, which had been pouring down steadily for many hours, ceased before morning, and though the clouds were heavy, there was promise of a lovely day. At an early hour all the avenues leading to the Centennial grounds were crowded by thousands of eager people, and when the gates were opened, at nine o'clock, a dense but orderly mass of humanity was waiting at each of the entrances. The inflow at once began, but it was some time before any decrease was perceptible in the crowds outside. The invited guests were admitted at the southern entrance of the Main Building, and passed through to the northern entrance opposite Memorial Hall. In front of the latter a large platform was apportioned to the distinguished guests, each section of seats being placarded, and at the front was the place for speakers to stand. Close in front of the platform were seats for newspaper representatives. Across the space alongside the Main Building, and facing the platform, were tiers of seats for the orchestra and the singers. Every square foot of the room between the Main Building and Memorial Hall, except the parts marked for specified occupation, was covered by half past nine o'clock. The clouds now cleared away, and a flood of golden sunlight illuminated the scene.

At a quarter past ten o'clock the ceremonies began with music by the orchestra, led by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The tunes, in their order, were the national airs of the Argentine Republic, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, and, for the United States, "Hail, Columbia." The playing lasted till eleven o'clock. By reason of the noise and confusion among the crowd—unavoidable where a hundred thousand people all want to be in the front line at once—the music was at times audible to those only who occupied places in the immediate vicinity of the players. The scene at this time was most animated. The police, assisted by the military, were scarcely able to keep the mass of people from crushing through the lines into the space reserved for invited guests. The unhappy spectators in the front row had a hard time of it between the police, who were pushing them back, and those behind them pushing forward. Over the vast sea of heads rose the two granite pedestals in front of Memorial Hall, upon each of which as many persons were standing as could find a foot-hold there; and several daring boys had climbed, in defiance of threatening policemen, upon the very backs of the winged horses that surmount the pedestals.

Meanwhile the invited guests, several thousand in number, were pouring in a constant stream through the Main Building into the reserved space. There was a picturesque commingling of nationalities and costumes never before witnessed in this country—Japanese and Chinese side by side with Europeans and Americans, French and Spanish officers in full uniform, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Congressmen, Senators, broad-brimmed Quakers, and fashionably attired ladies, made a quaint spectacle as they passed in together and took their seats. Enthusiastic cheering greeted the appearance of famous personages as they were recognized by the waiting crowd.

About a quarter before eleven President Grant made his appearance, and was received with hearty cheers. The President and the Emperor of Brazil conversed for a short time, and when the strains of "Hail, Columbia," had ceased, and all had taken their seats, the orchestra played Wagner's "Centennial March"—a grand composition, worthy of the master and of the occasion. Bishop Simpson then invoked the Divine blessing, and on the conclusion of the prayer, Whittier's hymn was sung by a strong chorus, with organ and orchestral accompaniment. Enthusiastic cheering greeted the rendering of this noble hymn, which was given to our readers in the preceding number of the *Weekly*. Mr. John Welsh, President of the Centennial Board of Finance, next made a speech, presenting the buildings to General Hawley, representing the Centennial Commission, which thereat assumed control of the Exhibition, and General Hawley responded, "The Centennial Commission accepts, with grateful thanks, the trust imposed."

The cantata composed for the occasion, the words by Mr. Sidney Lanier, and the music by Mr. Dudley Buck, was then rendered with fine effect. The two verses preceding the last were sung as a solo by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, whose powerful bass voice could be distinctly heard and the words understood in every part of the assembly. He was applauded until the necessity of an *encore* was apparent, and the applause that greeted the repetition was hearty and prolonged. General Hawley then presented the Exhibition to the President of the United States, who responded in a brief and appropriate speech. He said:

> "My Countrymen,—It has been thought appropriate, upon this Centennial occasion, to bring together in Philadelphia, for popular inspection, specimens of our attainments in the industrial and fine arts, and in literature, science, and philosophy, as well as in the great business of agriculture and of commerce.
>
> "That we may the more thoroughly appreciate the excellences and deficiencies of our achievements, and also give emphatic expression to our earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of our fellow-members of this great family of nations, the enlightened agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing people of the world have been invited to send hither corresponding specimens of their skill to exhibit on equal terms in friendly competition with our own. To this invitation they have generously responded: for so doing we render them our hearty thanks.
>
> "The beauty and utility of the contributions will this day be submitted to your inspection by the managers of this Exhibition. We are glad to know that a view of specimens of the skill of all nations will afford to you unalloyed pleasure, as well as yield to you a valuable practical knowledge of so many of the remarkable results of the wonderful skill existing in enlightened communities.
>
> "One hundred years ago our country was new and but partially settled. Our necessities have compelled us to chiefly expend our means and time in felling forests, subduing prairies, building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, etc. Most of our schools, churches, libraries, and asylums have been established within a hundred years. Burdened by these great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed, we have yet done what this Exhibition will show in the direction of rivaling older and more advanced nations in law, medicine, and theology, in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. While proud of what we have done, we regret that we have not done more. Our achievements have been great enough, however, to make it easy for our people to acknowledge superior merit wherever found.
>
> "And now, fellow-citizens, I hope a careful examination of what is about to be exhibited to you will not only inspire you with a profound respect for the skill and taste of our friends from other nations, but also satisfy you with the attainments made by our own people during the past one hundred years. I invoke your generous co-operation with the worthy Commissioners to secure a brilliant success to this International Exhibition, and to make the stay of our foreign visitors—to whom we extend a hearty welcome—both profitable and pleasant to them.
>
> "I declare the International Exhibition now open."

When the President had finished his remarks the chorus and orchestra struck up the grand "Hallelujah Chorus," chimes began their merry peals, and cannon thundered forth a salute. A procession had been planned as the closing event of the opening ceremonies, but owing to the absence of some of the invited guests, and likewise to the confusion that prevailed from the pressure of the mass of people, the previously arranged details were not carried out. A band of music and a platoon of the Centennial Guard, led by Director-General Goshorn, started off ahead; President Grant, with the Empress of Brazil, came next, followed by Dom Pedro with Mrs. Grant. Then followed officers of the Exhibition, members of the cabinet, members of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, more officers of the Exhibition, Governors of States and Territories, United States Senators and Representatives, army officers, navy officers, various committees, and other invited guests. The procession moved through the Main Building, and as each foreign department was passed, the Commissioners saluted and fell into line, as well as the increasing crowd would permit.

From the Main Building the procession passed into Machinery Hall. Marching up one of the avenues, escorted by the City Guard of Philadelphia, the two "observed of all observers" reached the steps leading to the platform of the great Corliss engine, where Mr. Corliss stood bare-headed awaiting them. The President and his "my brother the Emperor" ascended the steps and cordially greeted the hero of the day. Mr. Corliss assisted the Empress to the platform, and then stationed the President at the left throttle-valve and the Emperor at the right. It does not happen often in a man's existence to station two rulers of such nations at their posts to await his word of command.

"Are you both ready? Then your Majesty will turn that handle." A sound of a rush of steam; the great walking-beam is seen to move. "Now, Mr. President, yours." The sound of steam is multiplied, and the other engine joins in the work. Soon as way can be got upon the 365,000 pounds of gearing and shafting, the additional 5900 feet of line shafting, and the quickly added machinery throughout the hall, the engine takes its regular rate. The sound of planing, stamping, turning, and the whir of wheels make a chorus to the murmur of the bevel-gear of the under-ground shafting—and the opening ceremonies are complete.

The New World's Fair, thus auspiciously opened, presents many advantages over its Old World predecessors. Neither London, Paris, nor Vienna could boast a site so beautiful or so well adapted by natural configuration for the purpose of a World's Fair. A reference to the plan of the grounds on page 428 will show how well these natural advantages have been improved. The area under roof is many times larger than at any previous enterprise of a similar character, and the buildings are more numerous and more varied in architectural design, each having been planned with special reference to harmony with its purpose.

The Main Building, an enormous structure of iron and glass, covers an area of more than twenty-one acres. It is a parallelogram, running east and west, 1876 feet in length and 464 feet wide. A broad avenue runs through the centre, with smaller avenues and aisles on each side, crossed by transverse avenues, the intersection of which with the main avenue affords open spaces varying from 100 to 120 feet square. In the centre of the building the roof is raised, for a space of 184 feet square, above the surrounding portion, and at each corner of this space rises a graceful tower 120 feet in height. This arrangement not only breaks the monotony of the long roof line, but affords a means of ventilation for the building. A tower 75 feet in height rises at each corner of the building. The height of the central avenue is 70 feet from the floor. The foundations of this building consist of piers of masonry. The superstructure is composed of wrought-iron columns, placed 24 feet apart, which support wrought-iron roof trusses. There are 672 of these columns in the entire structure, the shortest being 23 feet and the longest 125 feet. Their aggregate weight is 2,200,000 pounds. The roof trusses and girders weigh 5,000,000 pounds. The sides of the building to 7 feet above the ground are finished with brick-work in panels between the columns. Above this there are glazed sashes. The roof covering is of tin, that being the best roofing known in this climate to resist leakage. The flooring is of plank, upon sills resting upon the ground, with no open space beneath. At the centre of the sides and ends are massive projections, in which are situated the principal entrances. These are provided with arcades upon the ground-floor and lofty central façades. The east entrance forms the principal approach for carriages, visitors alighting at the doors of the building under cover of the arcade. The south entrance is the principal approach from railway cars. The west entrance opens upon the main passageway to Machinery and Agricultural halls, and the north entrance to Memorial Hall, as the Art Gallery is called. There are also numerous side entrances, each surmounted with a trophy, showing the national colors of the country occupying that portion of the building to which it leads. In the vestibules of these entrances variegated brick and tile are introduced. Louvre-ventilators surmount all the avenues, and sky-lights the central aisles, with beautiful effect. Light, of which there will be an ample supply, comes almost entirely from the north and south sides. Two miles of drainage pipe underlie the building. Offices for the foreign Commissions are placed along the sides of the building, in close proximity to the products exhibited. The administration offices are at the ends. The design of the building is such that all exhibitors will have an equally fair opportunity of exhibiting their goods to advantage.

The Art Gallery, or Memorial Hall, on the north side of the Main Building, is a stately, imposing structure, designed to remain as a permanent repository of an industrial and art collection, like the South Kensington Museum in London. Nothing combustible has been used in its construction. The design is in modern Renaissance. It is 365 feet long, 210 feet wide, and 59 feet in height above the substantial basement. The centre is surmounted by a dome rising to the height of 150 feet above the ground. The dome is capped by a colossal ball, on which stands the figure of Columbia. The principal entrance, fronting the Main Building, displays three arched doorways, each 40 feet high and 15 wide, opening into a spacious hall. These doors are of iron, with bronze panels, on which are displayed the coat of arms of each State and Territory of the country. The dome is of glass and iron. Between the doorways stand clusters of columns ornamented with emblematic designs illustrative of art and science. Within this hall and the extension to the Art Gallery on the north, are gathered the art contributions of the world, of which we have not space to speak in detail in the present article.

One of the most interesting incidents of the opening ceremonies, already described, was the starting of the immense Corliss engine, of which we give an illustration on page 421. This wonderful product of mechanical invention and constructive skill stands at the intersection of the south avenue and the principal transept of the hall, whose area is 1400 by 360 feet. The building at this point has an elevation of 70 feet, and the engine has of this, 39 feet.

The engines are double-acting vertical-beam engines of the Corliss pattern, and are nominally of 750 horse-power each, or 1500 collectively, though this could be increased to 2500 horse-power should occasion require. The cylinders are 40 inches in diameter, with 10 feet stroke. The engines are provided with air-pumps and condensing apparatus, and are intended to work from twenty-five to eighty pounds of steam, according to the requirements of the Exhibition. The twin engines are erected side by side upon a platform three and a half feet above the floor of the hall, and their connecting rods work cranks set upon a common shaft, the axis of the great gear wheel, 30 feet in diameter, which revolves between them. This wheel weighs 56 tons, and has a face of two feet, its 216 cogs mashing with a pinion on the main line of under-ground shafting, which is 252 feet long, reaching north and south. This first line of shaft connects by mitre gearing six feet in diameter at its ends, and at two intermediate points, with shafts 108 feet long running lengthwise of the building. These four longitudinal shafts have on their ends pulleys whose belts run up through the floor to other pulleys on the eight lines of overhead shafting, each having a length of 658 feet, and a power applied to it of about 180 horses. The main shaft also continues southward into the pump annex, and runs the pumping machinery. The weight of the main gearing, shafting, mitre gearing, and pulleys revolved by the engine is 365,855 pounds. The whole weight of engine, under-ground shafting, and boilers is 700 tons.

The gear fly-wheel, which, as we have said, is 30 feet in diameter, makes 36 revolutions per minute, which is a peripheral speed of 3384 feet per minute, or about 38 miles per hour. Here is where comes in the action of the Corliss governor cut-off. The object is to make the rotations perfectly regular irrespective of the amount of work the engine has to do. Suppose one-quarter of the work in various parts of the building should be turned off at once, it is the duty of the governor to feel the sudden relaxation instantly, and cut off the steam in the cylinder at an earlier portion of the stroke. The governor can not *anticipate*, but it is its duty to *respond* immediately, its range being about, as stated above, from 80 down to 25 pounds of steam, or even lower, and exerting a power as high as 2500 horses (nominal) when the work is at its maximum, and so on down, according as the machines are thrown out of action.

The pinion gear with which the gear fly-wheel mashes is 10 feet in diameter, and weighs 17,000 pounds. The cranks weigh three tons each; the walking-beams are 27 feet long, 9 feet wide, and weigh 11 tons each. The connecting rods are of horseshoe scrap-iron, and are 24 feet long; they are formed of 9600 horseshoes. The piston-rods are of steel, 6¼ inches in diameter, and have a speed of 720 feet per minute. Each part of the engine is accessible by stairs and balconies, the former being made to act as braces to the structure.

The boiler-house is 36 feet from the hall, and has 20 upright boilers, of 70 horse-power (nominal) each; the main steam-pipe is of wrought iron, is 320 feet long, 18 inches diameter, and it traverses an alley beneath the floor.

Horticultural Hall, of which we give an interior view on page 420, is a beautiful structure of Moorish architectural design. It stands on a lovely terrace, a short distance north of Memorial Hall, and commands a view of the Schuylkill River Valley and the northwestern portions of Philadelphia. On either side of it picturesque ravines, spanned by ornamental bridges, run down to the river. The materials of the building are iron and glass, supported by fine marble and brick-work. The main floor is occupied by a spacious conservatory, with a high glass roof, and a light gallery from which visitors may look down upon the wealth of tropical beauty which glows below. In the centre of the floor stands a fountain of beautiful and appropriate design, from which radiating walks divide the space into beds filled with plants from the luxuriant South. Here are palms; here are orange and lemon trees laden with their golden fruit; here may be seen the banana, with its heavily laden branch, the guava, the India-rubber tree, and hundreds of other growths—some beautiful for shape or color, some interesting for their uses or rarity—unknown in our hard Northern climate. One seems to breathe the very air of the balmy South in this palace of enchantment. On the north and south sides of the Main Hall are four forcing-rooms for the propagation of young plants. One of these side rooms contains a magnificent array of tree-ferns, gathered from various quarters of the earth, and forming a most interesting study. This room also contains a rare and valuable collection of plants from a celebrated English greenhouse. The east and west entrances to the building are approached by flights of blue marble steps, ascending from wide terraces, in the centre of each of which stands an open kiosk. Each entrance is ornamented with tile and marble work. A vestibule thirty feet square separates the two forcing-rooms on each side. There are similar vestibules at the centre of the east and west ends, on either side of which are apartments for restaurants, reception-rooms, offices, etc. Ornamental stairways lead from these vestibules to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to four external galleries, which surmount the roofs of the forcing-houses, and are connected with a grand promenade formed by the roofs of the rooms on the lower floor. The corridors which connect the conservatory with the surrounding apartments open fine vistas in every direction, and the beauties of the surrounding park. The grounds surrounding the building are laid out with great taste.

PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS TRADUCERS.

[See Illustration on Page 429.]

The historic element, which some of our Eastern brethren would exclude from our political contests, is the one by which alone we can best judge of men. We can not forget the past without being left without a guide for the future. Our eminent Republican leaders are all historical characters, either tried upon the battle-field or in the almost equally arduous toils of two important Congresses. Republicanism itself is the central thread of modern history. All nations are governed by it, or are beginning to develop it. In a century it has become the ruling idea of the Western races. Its triumphs, its pains, its heroes, and its foes are clearly painted on the flowing decades, and teach with extraordinary force the characters of men. And hence it is impossible to spare from the coming political struggle any portion of the light of history. To forget, as many clamorous but feeble assailants of Republicanism would have us do, the persistent disloyalty of the Democratic leaders, to hide from ourselves the perils and misfortunes they have brought upon the nation, to trust the men who have so often betrayed us, would be extraordinary weakness. To listen to the scandals, the malignity, and the idle tales of the politicians and the presses who have forever aimed their slanders at the most active friends of freedom, would show little wisdom. It would not be discreet to forget that the men who were the bitterest assailants of Lincoln in 1864–65 are in 1875–76 laboring to fix some public stain upon Grant. Cox and Pendleton, Randall, Holman, Kernan, and Wood, who, in the last decade, were raging for the ruin of the first Republican President, who would impeach or hang or at least betray him, are now willing to do the same kind offices for his successor. Their malignity and their fury are not softened with years, and around them are gathered a band of Confederates whose bullets have been often aimed at both Lincoln and Grant, and a host of ultramontanes whose chief aim is to destroy free thought and enforce "Catholic unity."

To avenge the fall of slavery is never absent from the minds of these reactionists, and their chief rage is now turned against the man who, at the head of the national armies, was the instrument of its destruction. Their fury is almost absurd when we consider the calmness of its object. The pro-slavery or papal Democratic committee of the House rage around the President as the demons of old are said to have howled and gibbered around the charmed circle of the magician. They gnash at him with their teeth, but in vain. They can not pass the magic line that protects him, because he has been true to his country, to the interest of the working-men, to the cause of freedom and education, and they have not. Such assailants as Messrs. Pendleton and Kelly, Holman and Wood, Cox and Clymer, can prove dangerous to no honest man. Yet their malice is inexhaustible. The crimes they attribute to the President multiply every day. One moment he is discovered to have been concerned in frauds on the revenue, and is a member of the Whiskey Ring; the next, he is anxious to shield guilty officials and hide the faults of his adherents. Now he protects an embassador from his creditors, now removes a wealthy agent of the government in London to appoint an insolvent one. In their passionate desire to impeach or degrade him, the Confederate and papal Democracy grow wild with the enthusiasm of the chase. Does a gleam of hope of running down their prey appear, they break into loud shouts of premature triumph. "See," cried recently one of their ultramontane journals, "the wickedness of this President, who has drained the Treasury to carry the elections of New York! Let him be at once impeached." Never was there a more unlucky stroke. The charge was made, the affair examined. The intelligent testimony of Mr. Davenport shows that with a few thousand dollars legally used a correct register for the New York elections was made; that the thieves who had preyed upon the unfortunate city were, for the moment at least, driven from power; and that President Grant and his advisers gave New York a brief respite from the reign of terror and robbery imposed upon it by Mr. Tilden and his friends. To the Republican Administration at Washington the city owes, in great part, its escape from the perpetual rule of Sweeny, Connolly, and Hall. No one will any longer believe that Mr. Tilden, who accepted a gift of $5000 from his friend and ally, Tweed, in 1868, or the Democratic faction that sustained him, could feel a real desire to place in power any sincere reformer or honest man. They must be judged by their associates and their acts. The latest charge against the President examined by the Democratic committee is the proper ending of a preposterous train of calumnies. "The President often visited me," said their witness, "in person, and besought me to conceal his crime." "Now," cried the exultant Democrats, "we have at last a certain impeachment." "But how did the President get to you so readily?" said a Republican Congressman. "Oh," answered the lunatic, "it was his spirit that came."

The discovery of the sale of post-traderships in the army seems the only fruit of the long labors of the Democratic committee, except the remarkable revelation that Mr. Pendleton used his influence with the War-office to share in the profits of an extraordinary decision and to obtain a great fee. The questions naturally will be asked, "Did not Mr. Pendleton know long ago of these irregularities in the army? Is not he the source from which the Democrats have their information? Were not Democrats like Mr. Pendleton those who chiefly profited from an unseen influence in the War-office? And why, if the Democrats alone knew of the sale of post-traderships in 1871, did they so long suffer it to go on untold?" Mr. Pendleton seems to have been the *deus ex machinâ* who guided the Democracy to the only vulnerable point of the management of the army. Did he restrain them until the preconcerted moment of attack? About this affair there can be no concealment and no hesitation to punish the guilty or exculpate the innocent. But a mystery covers it that can only be developed by a fair trial and a full disclosure of all its circumstances. The War-office seems to have been a centre of Democratic intrigue, or the chief aim of a Democratic conspiracy. It may appear that Democrats have been largely engaged in its irregularities. It is, perhaps, worth noticing that the charge that President Grant knew of the army frauds fails altogether, and that the extravagant calumnies heaped upon him by the Confederate and ultramontane journals have been turned to their own confusion. In their despair they at last accuse him of having been deceived in the selection of his confidential officials; they reproach him with standing too steadily by his friends. Had he been less faithful, they would have forgiven him more easily. Without this trait of his character, the papal and rebellious Democracy might have succeeded in destroying freedom and the Union. But no one who is in favor of honesty and good government will complain of so pardonable an infirmity. For had not General Grant stood firmly by his friends, the people and the working-men, at Vicksburg and at Richmond, republicanism in Europe and America must have fallen into endless peril. To-day it is every where triumphant.

Certainly the historical element of this political contest enables us to point the *tu quoque* argument with unusual force at the weakest defenses of the foe. Never was there a more untrustworthy or unattractive mob of politicians than those who labor at Washington or at home to heap contumely on Grant, Republicanism, and freedom. What reformers! what patriots! The Roman Catholic districts of New York have long sent as their Representatives to Congress the companions of Tweed, the beneficiaries of Sweeny. Men accustomed to every species of fraud and all the dishonesty of Tammany Hall fitly typify the ultramontane element in our national politics, and represent in the American legislature the duplicity and the intense corruption of the priestly court of Pius IX. The Jesuit school could have chosen no better agents than those it has sent from the city of New York, for its own purposes, to legislate for us at Washington. The rage of the ultramontanes against American freedom finds nowhere more suitable instruments than those it elects in the metropolis. The working-men of Europe and America have had no more persistent foes than Messrs. Cox and Wood and their political allies. From the Roman Catholic districts of Pennsylvania we have Mr. Randall, who was noted for his want of patriotism in the Congress of 1864, and from Indiana we have Mr. Holman; Mr. Pendleton sits quietly at home, enjoying the fruits of his influence at the War-office; from the Southern States the chief orator of the Democracy is one who is credited with having killed his fellow-Confederate in a savage burst of rage; and Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas send men to Congress who have dabbled in the blood of the colored voters. Such are the Democratic reformers. They founded the Whiskey Ring, they have committed crimes at which humanity shudders, they are the slaves of the fierce despotism of the Papal Church or of the savage oligarchy of Georgia and Mississippi. The offenses which they charge upon eminent Republicans they have committed themselves without a scruple. They laugh at the notion of honesty. And the more intelligent and patriotic portion of the Democratic party are ashamed of the leaders they are forced by their Roman Catholic and Southern allies to support. Even Horatio Seymour, in a rational moment, has confessed the utter degradation of the Democracy. Such is the light history throws upon the bitterest defamers of Republicanism and President Grant. Nor can we spare it from the coming contest.

Contrasted with the Democratic leaders who are forced upon the public attention, seared with rebellion, tainted with disloyalty, accustomed to bloodshed and disorder, the companions of the dishonest, the robbers of New York, the friends of Davis, the advocates of human bondage, the Republicans have the air of a higher and better species. They at least, we may be sure, will never aim to destroy the Union, revive slavery, degrade and plunder the working-men. They have never won their offices by pandering to the Papal Church at the North, or by deeds of bloodshed at the South. They have never been the enemies of honest labor. At Richmond Grant conquered for the working-men of all ages, and won the unending hatred of all who would live as a fixed caste upon the labor of others. The priestly and monarchical castes of Europe, who have many representatives among us, hate Republicanism with an undying ardor, and from them come the chief of its defamers. Could they make Grant infamous and the Republicans all corrupt and fallen, they would rejoice forever. But here history refutes them. The party of the people, Republicanism always holds within itself the elements of reform. In financial matters it began at once at the close of the rebellion to cut off expenses, reduce taxes, relieve labor. It has produced the cheapest national government that exists; it has preserved internal and external peace at the lowest possible cost. The Democratic leaders have covered the land with debt and disaster. The Republicans are slowly rescuing it from the ruin brought upon it by Davis or Tweed. A sudden and severe panic has passed over Europe and America; but is that any good reason for trusting our financial affairs to the thieves of Tammany Hall or the greedy Confederates of Georgia and Mississippi?

It is easy to see why it is that the angry band of Democratic chiefs rage around President Grant with new fury. In a few words, he pointed out recently the chief want of the nation. He demanded national education. He, at least, knows that it is useless to clamor for reform without providing the means for effecting it. This, history alone can indicate. It is to provide an educated constituency. Here is the only practical project of reform. So long as we leave half our people ignorant, we are certain to produce an endless series of Tweeds and Connollys, of public robbery and private vice. But to the ultramontane, the Southern oligarch, the New York Democracy, European castes, and the papal priesthood the notion of free education is intolerable, and its proposer more than ever odious. Yet President Grant has made the most rational speech of the age, and the national government must at last educate all its people if it would live. Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A very important scheme has just been adopted by the Minister of Education of Italy for the reorganization of the observatories of that kingdom, which deserves attentive consideration from all countries in which astronomical, physical, and meteorological observatories are supported, entirely or in part, by governmental aid. This plan was proposed by Tacchini, of Palermo, and had for its object the co-operation of all the various scientific establishments in one general plan, so that effort could be concentrated and waste of energy and endowment prevented. In future the astronomical and meteorological work which is to be done will be divided among the various observatories according to their means, so that each institution may be occupied with that kind of work for which its geographical position and its outfit best fit it. The observatories of Naples, Florence, Palermo, and Milan are to be regarded as institutions of the most important class, and the government aid is to be chiefly given to these; those of Parma, Modena, and Bologna are to be physico-meteorological observatories attached to their respective universities; and those of Rome, Campidoglio, Turin, and Padua are to be university observatories (astronomical). Some scheme of this kind will, in view of the increasing demands of astronomical science, soon have to be adopted in the various countries. In the simple matter of observing asteroids, such an organization is now much needed, and the agreement between the observatories of Greenwich and Paris in this subject has already been productive of much saving of labor.

Dr. Weiss, of the Vienna Observatory, has investigated the orbit of the comet discovered by Coggia the 10th of November, 1873. As he has previously shown, there is scarcely a doubt that this comet is identical with the comet discovered by Pons in 1818, and in this case the determination of the period of revolution is quite important. Dr. Weiss finds that there are three possible periods, viz., 55.82 years, 18.61 years, and 6.20 years. Of these three, the second is the least probable; and of the first and third, Dr. Weiss considers the period of 6.20 years the most probable for the present, although his computations are to be carried further as soon as he shall have received further observations of this body during its last appearance.

Mr. E. J. Stone, Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, observed the total solar eclipse of April 16, 1874, at Klipfontain, Africa, fifty-five miles from the coast. Mr. Stone's plan of campaign was necessarily simple, as the difficulties of travel in South Africa prevented the transportation of delicate appliances, but the points to which he directed his attention were, although few, perfectly definite. By circulars distributed throughout the colony, instructions were communicated as to the proper methods of making drawings of the corona, and several important drawings were received, which were carefully studied by Mr. Stone. They exhibit the usual marked discrepancies in most cases, notably in two made by two expert draughtsmen seated side by side at the same table; but Mr. Stone gives a satisfactory explanation of the differences here, which may serve to account for similar discrepancies in former drawings. Mr. Stone summarizes the results of his expedition as follows:

"1. A confirmation of Young's observation of the general, or nearly general, reversion of the Fraunhofer lines in the spectrum of the corona near the photosphere.

"2. A spectroscopic examination of the outer corona, in contradistinction to the inner corona, carried to the extent of rather more than a degree from the sun's centre, which has proved that the spectrum of the outer corona consists of a linear spectrum of one bright line, either exclusively or sensibly, whose wave length is 5312, with a unit of $\frac{1}{10^{10}}$ of a meter, and of an ordinary sunlight spectrum with absorption lines. The spectrum of the outer corona has been shown to fade gradually away as the extreme visible limit of the corona is approached, and not to disappear sharply, as if the extreme limit of the corona had been reached.

"3. The spectroscopic examination of the outer corona, combined with the unchanged character of its principal features, as seen at [three different observing stations] at intervals of absolute time extending to ten minutes, and at distances of more than 500 miles, proves, I venture to think, the solar origin and cosmical character of the outer corona....

"4. A comparison of the drawing of Mr. Henry Hall....and the photographs obtained in 1869 and 1871 shows the permanent character of the contraction of the inner corona in a direction parallel or nearly parallel to the sun's axis of rotation. The strongly marked character of the general contraction of the outer corona in the same direction may not improbably ultimately lead to a similar inference in the case of the outer corona also."

Mr. Sereno Watson publishes in the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a report on Guadalupe Island, off Lower California, lately explored very thoroughly by Dr. Edward Palmer. In this he shows that the flora is to be considered as part of that of California, as distinguished from that of Mexico, but that it has been derived to a considerable degree through human agency. Those of the most recent introduction might be expected to be Californian; the older might be from the nearer peninsula, or from other localities. It may be inferred, also, that it has not been derived from California by any existing process of conveyance and selection, but that it is rather indigenous to its present locality. Moreover, while it would indicate a connection at some period between the island and the main-land to the north, yet the number and character of the peculiar species favor the opinion that they are the remnant of a flora similar to that of California, which once extended in this direction considerably to the southward of what is now the limit of that flora upon the main-land. Finally, the presence of so many South American types suggests the conjecture that this and the similar element which characterizes the flora of California may be due to some other connection between these distant regions than any which now exists, and even that all the peculiarities of the western floras of both continents had a common origin in an ancient flora which prevailed over a wide now submerged area, and of whose character they are the partial exponents.

The study of the birds collected by Dr. Palmer suggested somewhat the same conclusions. These are in every respect closely allied to those of California, but sufficiently different to entitle them to be considered as well-marked geographical races, no single species of the land birds found being precisely identical with one of any other part of the continent.

It should be remarked that the island is about 100 miles from the coast of Lower California, and 230 miles west by south from the town of San Diego. It is twenty-six miles long and about ten miles in width, and has a mountain ridge with one elevation of 3900 feet above the level of the sea.

Professor Felipe Poey, the veteran Cuban ichthyologist, has recently published a catalogue of the species of that island, in which he enumerates 730 species. Of these, seventy-eight are considered somewhat doubtful, leaving 652. Of these, sixty-four will probably prove to be undescribed, but the determination of this will depend upon further researches and comparisons.

A new number of the third volume of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, Cambridge, has just been issued, containing a paper by Mr. S. W. Garman on the Fishes and Reptiles of Lake Titicaca, collected by Alexander Agassiz, during his recent visit to South America. There is also a paper on Certain Recent Corals in Peru, by Mr. Agassiz and Count Pourtalès, and also one on the Development of the Salpa, by Dr. William K. Brooks.

A new hypothesis in regard to the lake-dwellings of Switzerland has lately been suggested to Dr. Robert by a lady, whose name he does not give. In her opinion, all or nearly all of these lake-dwellings were originally established in marshes or boggy places, selected, perhaps, on account of the comparative absence of large trees; and at this period the lakes were much extended, and much more shallow than at the present day. In the course of time, however, from various conditions, the level of these lakes became raised, and the places in which the dwellings had been established became filled with water, so as possibly either to drive out the inhabitants or to envelop their dwellings after they had been abandoned.

Professor Von Siebold, the eminent zoologist of Munich, is about publishing a great work on the fresh-water fishes of Europe, in which he invites the co-operation of English naturalists. He also desires specimens of *Artemia salina*, or the salt brine shrimp, for the purpose of making comparisons with the varieties of this genus found throughout the world. A work upon the fresh-water fishes of the United States corresponding to those of Europe is a very great desideratum, and it is much to be hoped that some of our naturalists may undertake this labor before long.

Professor Newberry has published in a grand volume, illustrated by sixty-nine plates, the second part of the second volume of the series of Reports on the Geological Survey of Ohio. This embraces the paleontology and an account of the fossil fishes of the State, by Professor Newberry himself; after which we have descriptions of Silurian Fossils and Crinoids, by Professor Hall and Mr. Whitfield; descriptions of the Corals of the Silurian and Devonian Systems, by H. Alleyne Nicholson; descriptions of Invertebrate Fossils from the Carboniferous System, by Professor Meek; a synopsis of the Extinct Batrachia from the Coal Measures, by Professor Cope; and descriptions of Fossil Plants from the Lower Carboniferous Strata, by E. B. Andrews.

In a letter to Mr. Henry Lee, published in *Land and Water*, Captain Mayne Reid suggests some new ideas in regard to the occurrence of the axolotl in the lakes of Mexico. This species resembles the larval or immature condition of many American salamanders, especially those occurring under logs in damp places. Much interest has attached to this animal from the fact that although in its native waters, at the altitude of the City of Mexico, it always remains in the larval condition, laying eggs and reproducing its kind, yet when individuals were taken to Paris, many years ago, they threw off their gills, and became transformed into true salamanders, living out of the water, and developing a totally different and much more brilliant series of coloration, with other changes in regard to the lungs, the teeth, and entire anatomy.

The special object of Captain Reid's letter was to express astonishment that descendants from the real axolotl were kept in fresh-water in the Brighton Aquarium, whereas they occupy the Lake Tezcoco—a body of water so salt that even fish can not live in it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When in Aberdeen, Dr. Johnson dined with a clergyman, the soup being "hotch-potch." The lady of the house, after having served him once, asked if he would take some more. The gruff and stern moralist and outspoken social bear replied, "It is a dish fit for hogs, madam." "Take a little more, then," was the immediate and appropriate reply.

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other. "Oh dear! how you made my head ring!" said Smith. "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "But didn't yours ring?" "No." "That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

"When I goes a-shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers take it, without chaffering about it all day, as most people do."

Progress of Childhood—From pap to papa.

A Mark of Civilization.—A French writer concludes an account of his shipwreck in these words: "Having arrived at an unknown region, I traveled eleven hours without discovering the least trace of any human being. At last I perceived, to my great joy, a wretch suspended on a gibbet. 'Ah!' I exclaimed, 'I am now in a civilized country.'"

Safe Advice.—Scrutinize a lawyer closely when he advises you to avoid litigation, and a doctor when he drinks your health.

A Debate on the Constitution—A consultation with a physician.

Let each one strive with all his might
  To be a decent man,
To love his neighbor as himself,
  Upon the golden plan.
And if his neighbor chance to be
  A pretty female woman,
Why, love her all the more—you see,
  That's only acting human.

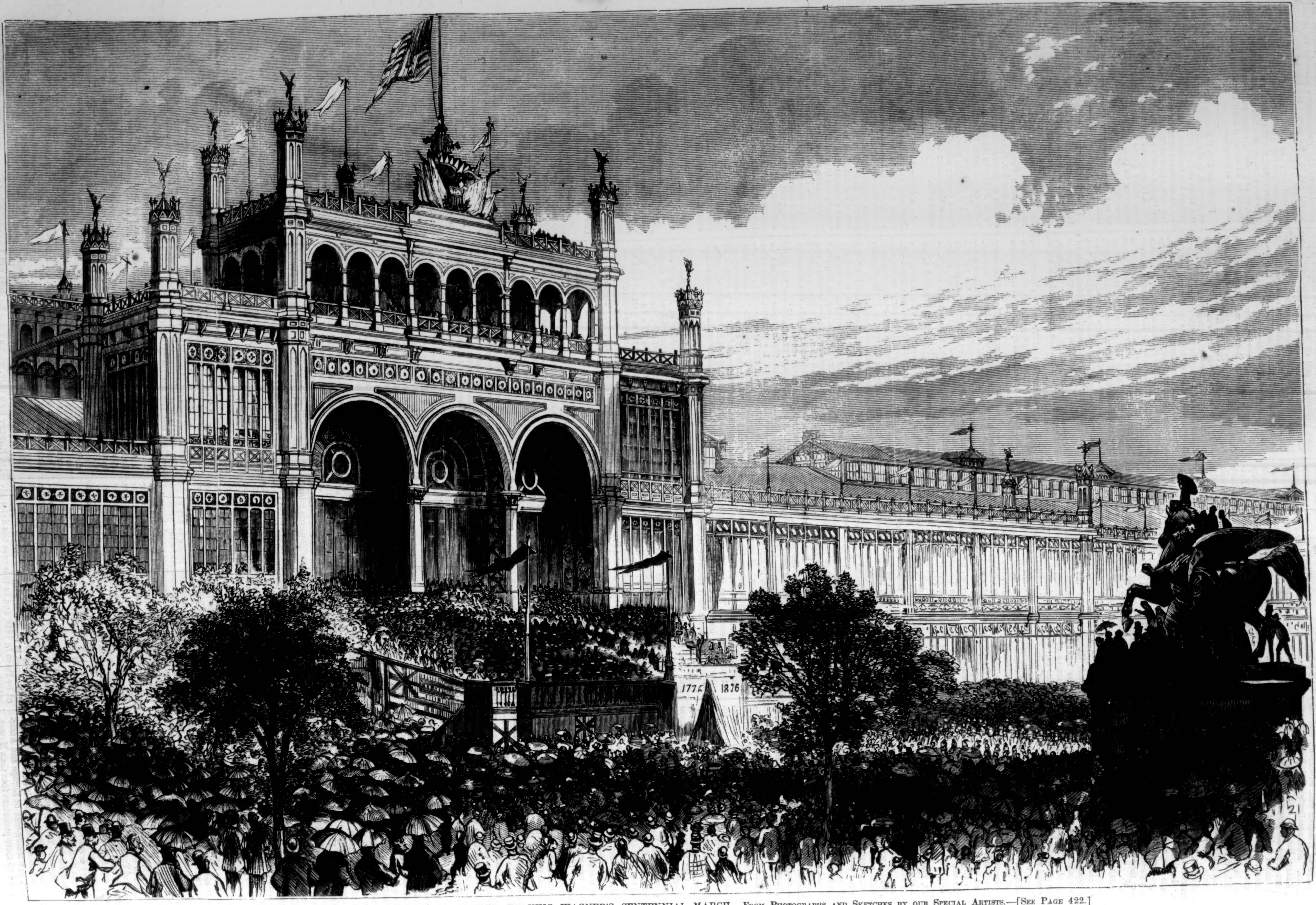
A Dutchman says, "I vill tell you, such is de power of de Shakspeer, dat I vunce saw de plays acted in Anglish languish, in Holland, vhere dere vas not vun persons in all de house but myself could onderstand it, yet dere vas not a persons in all dat house but vas in tears; dat is, all crying, and veep very mooch; couldn't onderstand von vord of de play, yet all veeping. Such vas de power of de Shakspeer."

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

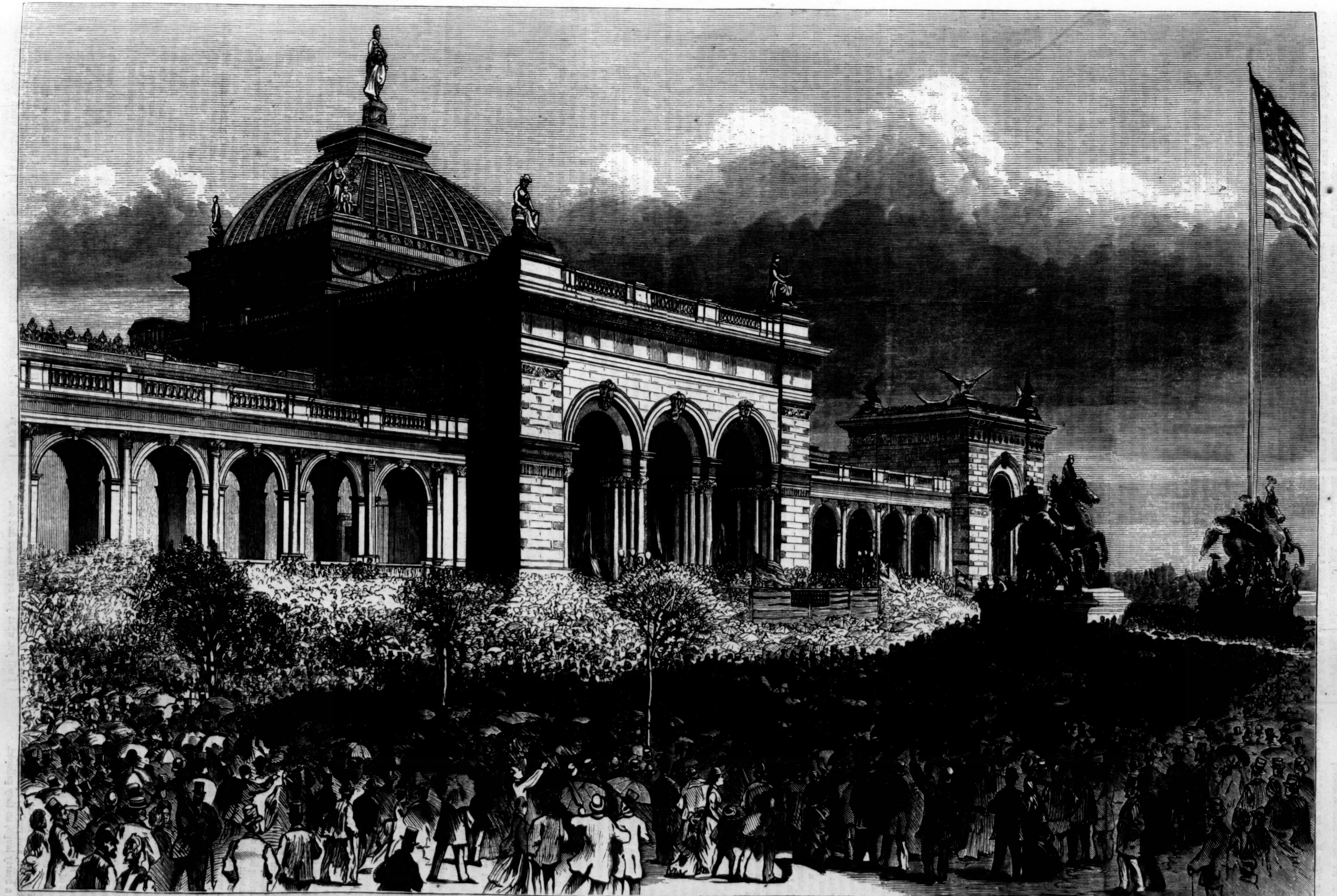
What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

Andrew Jackson was once making a stump speech out West, in a small village. Just as he was concluding, Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, whispered, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General. They won't be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon a few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder wound up his speech by exclaiming, "E pluribus unum—sine qua non—ne plus ultra—multum in parvo!" The effect was tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for many miles.

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."



OUR CENTENNIAL—THE OPENING CEREMONIES—PLAYING WAGNER'S CENTENNIAL MARCH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]



OUR CENTENNIAL—MEMORIAL HALL—PRESIDENT GRANT DECLARING THE EXHIBITION OPEN.—From Photographs and Sketches by our Special Artists.—[See Page 422.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MASCULINE ERROR.

Christopher Fermitage Sharp, Esquire, strode forth, to have room as well as time for thought. His comely young face was unusually red, and he stroked his almost visible mustache, as a stimulant to manhood. So deep and stern were his meditations that he never even thought of his pipe until he came to a bridge on the Botley road, whereon he was accustomed to lean, and smoke, and gaze at the little fish quietly. From the force of habit he pulled out his meerschaum, flint and steel, and German tinder, and through blue rings of his own creation watched and envied the little fish. For though it was not yet the manner of his mind to examine itself very deeply, he had a strong conviction that the fish were happy, and that he was miserable. Upon the former point there could not be two opinions—unless the fish themselves held one—when any man observed how the little fellows jumped at the spicy-flavored flies (that fluttered on transparent gold to them), or flashed in and out among one another with a frolicsome spread of silver, or, best of all, in calm contemplation, softly moved pellucid fins, and gently opened fans of gills, with magnifying eyes intent upon the glory of the lustrous world. Kit considered them with an envious gaze. Were they harassed, were they tortured, were they racked with agonized despair, by the proceedings of the female fish?

Compelled to turn his grim thoughts inward, he knew not that he was jealous. He only knew that if he were to meet the young nobleman with the four bay horses, it would be an evil day for one of them. Tush! why should he not go and forestall that bloated, unprincipled aristocrat—whose intentions might even be dishonorable—by having four horses himself, and persuading that queen of beauty to elope with him? He had given his parents due notice; and if he had done what they wished by thus falling in love, it could not be very much against their wishes if he made a hasty match of it. But could this lovely young American be persuaded to come with him? He had far too much respect for her to dream of using violence. But surely if he could convince her of the peril she was in, and could promise her safe refuge with a grave old lady, a valued relative of his own, while she should have time to consider his suit, his devotion, his eternal constancy, his everlasting absorption into her higher and purer identity—

He pulled out his purse; it contained four and sixpence—a shilling and three half-pence for each horse, and nothing for the postilions. "We must do it less grandly," he said to himself; "and, after all, it will be better so. How could four horses ever get through that wood? I must have been a fool to think of it. A very light chaise and pair will do ten times better, at a quarter of the money. I can get tick for that from old Squeaker himself, and the governor will have to pay; it need not cost me more than half a crown, and about three bob for turnpikes. Fifteen miles to old Aunt Peggy's, on the Wycombe road. Once there, I defy them to do what they like. I am always the master of that house, and I know where they keep the blunderbuss. I have the greatest mind not to go home at all, but complete my arrangements immediately. Squeaker would lend me a guinea with pleasure; he is a large-minded man, I am sure. What a fool I was to give poor Cinnaminta such a quantity of tin that day!—and yet how could I help it? I might have gone on like a lord but for that."

Kit turned round, and shook his head in several directions, trying to bring to his mind the places where money might be hoped for. Than this there is no mental effort more difficult and absorbing. No wonder therefore that, in this contemplation, he did not hear the up-mail, full gallop, springing the arch from the Cheltenham side, to make a fine run into Oxford. "Hoi, there, stoopid!" the coachman shouted, for the bridge was narrow, and the coach danced across it with the vigor of the well-corded team. "Oh, Kit, is it? Climb for your hat, Kit."

Kit's best friend—so far as he had any friends in the University—by a stroke of fine art, sent the lash of his whip round the hat of the hero, and deposited it, ere one might cry, "where art thou gone?" on the oil-cloth, which sat on the top of the luggage, which sat on the top of the coach, which he drove like the heir of all the race of Nimshi. The hireling Jehu sat beside him, and having been at it since nine o'clock last night, snored with a flourish not inferior to that which the mail-guard began upon his horn.

Kit was familiar with a coach at speed, as every young Englishman at that time was. In a twinkle he dashed at the hind boot, laid hold of the handle, and was up at once; the guard, with an eye to an honest half crown, moving sideways, but offering no help, because it would have been an insult. Then over the hump of the luggage crawled Kit, and clapped his own hat on his head, and between the shoulders of two fat passengers, threw forth his strong arm, and "bonneted" the spanking son of Nimshi. The leaders ran askew, till they were caught up; and the smart young driver would have thrown down the reins, and committed a personal assault on Kit, who was perfectly ready to reply to it—being skilled in the art of self-defense—if the two fat passengers, having seen the whole, had not joined hands, and stopped it.

"Tit for tat! tit for tat!" they cried; "Squire, you began it, and you have your due." And so, with a hearty laugh, on they galloped.

"If you should have any thing to say to me," cried Kit, as he swung himself off the early mail, at the corner of his native Cross-Duck Lane, "you will know where to find me. But you must wait a day or two, for I have a particular engagement."

"All rubbish, Kit! Come and wine with me at seven. I shall have tooled home the 'Nonpareil' by then."

Christopher, though stern, was placable. He kissed his hand to his reconciled friend, while he shook his head, to decline the invitation, and strode off vigorously to consult his mother. To consult his dear mother meant to get money out of her, which was a very easy thing to do; and having a good deal of conscience, Kit seldom abused that opportunity, unless he was really driven to it. Metallic necessity was on him now; his courage had been rising for the last half hour. "Faint heart never won fair lady" rang to the tune of many horses' feet. His dash through the air had set his spirits flying; his exploit, and the applause thereof, had taught him his own value. From this day forth he was a man of the world; and a man of the world was entitled to a wife.

It is the last infirmity of noble and too-active minds to feel that nothing is done well unless their presence guides it: to doubt the possibility of sage prevision and nice conduct, through the ins and outs of things, if ever the master-spirit trusts the master-body to be away, and the countless eyes of the brain to give twinkle, instead of the two solid lights of the head. Hence it was that Mr. Sharp, at sight of Kit, came forth to meet him, although he had arranged to send the mother. And this—as Mrs. Sharp declared to her dying day—was the greatest mistake ever made by a man of most wonderful mind, while she was putting away the linen.

"Come in here, my boy," he said to his son, who was strictly vexed to see him, and yearning to be round the corner; "there are one or two things that have never been made quite clear to your understanding. We do not expect you to be too clear-sighted at your time of life, and so on. Come in, that I may have a word with you."

Christopher, with a little thrill of fear, once more entered the sacred den, and there stood as usual, while his father sat and regarded him with a lightsome smile. One of the many causes which had long been at work to impair the young man's filial affection was, that his father behaved as if it were not worth while to be in earnest with him; as if Kit Sharp had a mind no riper than just to afford amusement to mature and busy intellects. Christopher knew his own depth, and was trying to be strong too, whenever he could think of it. And if he did spend most of his time in sport and congenial pastime, of one thing he was certain—that he never did harm to any one. Could his father say that much for himself?

"Aha! my boy! aha," said the elder Sharp, in that very same vein which always so annoyed and vexed his son; "what will you give me for a little secret, a sweet little secret about a young lady in whom you take the deepest interest?"

The ingenuous youth, in spite of all efforts, could not help blushing deeply, for he had a purely candid skin, reproduced from Piper ancestry. And the sense of hot cheeks made him glow to the vital centres of the nobler stuff. Therefore he scraped with his toes—which was a trick of his—and kept silence.

"Pocket-money gone again?" continued his father, pleasantly; "nothing to offer his kind papa for most valuable information? Courting is an expensive business—I ought to have remembered that. And the younger the parties the more it costs; hot-house flowers, and a smelling-bottle, a trifle of a ring, just to learn the size; that being accepted, the bolder brooch, charmed bracelet, and locket for the virgin heart—no wonder you are short of cash, my Kit."

"You don't know one atom about it," cried Christopher, boiling with meritorious wrath. "I never gave her nothing—and she wouldn't have it."

"The double negative, to be sure. How forcible and how natural it is! Well, well, my boy, let us try to believe you. Scatter all doubts by exhibiting your wealth. You had five pounds and ten shillings lately; and you pay nothing for any thing that can be placed to your father's credit. Let me see your cash-box, Kit."

"This is all that I have at present," said Christopher, pulling out his three and sixpence—for he had given the guard a shilling; "but you must not suppose that this is all to which I am entitled. I have I.O.U.'s from junior members of the University for really more than I can reckon up; and every one of them will get the money from his sisters in the long vacation."

"Oh, Kit! Kit! The firm ends with me. I must sell the good-will for the very worst old song, if it once leaks out what a fool you are. By what strange cross of reckless blood can such a boy be the future head of Piper, Pepper, Sharp, and Co.?" Mr. Sharp covered up his long, clear head, and hid—for this once—true emotion. Kit looked at the kerchief with a very queer glance. He was not at all affected by this lamentation, however just, because he had heard it so often before; and he never could make out exactly how much of him his father could manage to descry through that veil Palladian.

"Well, Sir," he said, "you have always told me, as long as I can remember, that I was to be a gentleman; and gentlemen trust one another."

"Very well said!" Mr. Sharp replied, with a deeply irritating smile; "and now I will trust you, young Sir, in a matter of importance. Remember that I trust you as a gentleman—for I need not tell you one word unless I choose—and if I depart from my usual practice, it is partly because you are beginning to claim a sort of maturity. Very well; let us see if it can be relied upon. You pledge your word to keep silence, and I tell you what you never could find out."

Kit was divided with his mind in twain; whether he should draw the sharp falchion of his wit, or whether he should rather speak honeysome words; and, as nearly always happens when Minerva is admitted, he betook himself to the gentler process.

"Very well, Sir," he said, pulling up his collar, as if he had whiskers to push it down, "whatever I am told in confidence is allowed to go no further. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I reserve, of course, the final right of reference to my honor."

"To be sure; and to your ripe judgment and almost patriarchal experience, Kit. Then be it known to you, aged youth, that you have not shown hoar sagacity. You do not even know who the lady is whom you have honored with your wise addresses."

"And I don't care a d—n who she is," cried Kit, "so long as I love her, and she loves me!"

"My son, you are turbulent and hasty. Your wisdom has left you suddenly. Your manners also, or you would not swear in the presence of your father."

"Sir, I was wrong, and I beg your pardon. But I think that I learned the first way of it from you."

"Kit, Kit, recall that speech. You must have gone altogether dreaming lately. My discourse is always moderate, and to the last degree professional. However, in spite of the generous impulse, which scarcely seems natural at your threescore years and ten, it does seem a needful precaution to learn the name, style, and title of the lady whom you will vow to love, honor, and—obey."

"Her name," cried Kit, without any sense of legal phrase and jingle, "is Grace Holland. Her style is a great deal better than any body else's. And as for title, such rubbish is unknown in the gigantic young nation to which she belongs."

"Her name," said Mr. Sharp, setting his face for the conquest of this boy, and fixing keen, hard eyes upon him, "is Grace Oglander, the daughter of the old Squire of Beckley. Her style—in your sense of the word—is that of a rustic young lady; and her title, by courtesy, is Miss—a barbarous modern abbreviation."

The youth was at first too much amazed to say a word, for he was not quick-witted, as his father was. He gave a little gasp, and his fine brown eyes, which he could not remove from his father's, changed their expression from defiance to doubt, and from doubt to fear, and from fear to sorrow, with a little dawning of contempt. "Why, my man, is this beyond your experience of life?" asked Luke Sharp, trying to look his son down, but failing, and beginning to grow uneasy. Kit's face was aflame with excitement, and his lips were trembling; but his eyes grew stern.

"Father, I hope you do not mean what you have said; that you are only joking with me—at any rate, that you have not known it—that you have not done it—that you have not even left poor old Mr. Oglander one hour—"

"Wait, boy, wait. You know nothing about it. Who are you to judge of such matters, indeed? Remember to whom you are speaking, if you please. I have done what was right; and for your sake I have done it."

"For my sake! Why, I never had seen the young lady before I was told that she was dead and buried—murdered, as every body said—and the tracing of the criminals was mainly left to you. I longed to help, but I knew that you despised me; and now do you mean to say that you did it?"

Luke Sharp was a quick-tempered man. He had borne a great deal more than usual. And now he spoke with vast disdain.

"To be sure, Kit, I murdered her; as is proved to such a mind as yours by the fact of her being now alive. What can I have done, to have a fool for my son?"

"And what have I done, to have a rogue for a father? You may knock me down, Sir, if you please"—for Mr. Sharp arose, as if that would be his next proceeding. "You have always used your authority very much in that manner with me. I don't want to be knocked down; but if it will do you any good, pray proceed to it, and down I go."

"I declare, after all, you have got some little wit," cried the lawyer, with a smile, withdrawing and recovering self-command. "I can not be angry with a boy like you, because you know no better. Oh, here comes your mother! Your excitement has aroused her. Mamma, you have not the least idea what a lion you have to answer for. I leave him to you, my dear. Soothe him, feed him, and try to find his humming-top."

CHAPTER XLIX.

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS.

"I will not die like this! It is unseemly to die like this!" the Rev. Thomas Hardenow was exclaiming at this very time, but a few miles off. "I hope I am not a coward altogether, but the ignominy is unbearable. In this den of Eumæus, this sty of Sycorax, entangled in the meshes of a foul hog net, and with hogs' grunt, grunt, for the chorus of my woes! My Prometheus class is just waiting for me at the present moment, so far as I can reckon here the climbing of the day; and I had rendered into English verses that delicious bit of chorus—'With thy woes of mighty groaning, mortals feel a fellow-moaning, And of Colchic land indwellers, maids who never quail in fight;' and so on—how small-minded of me to forget it now!—down to, 'And springs of holy-watered rivers wail thy pitiable woe.' But instead of nymphs of ocean, here comes that old pig again! If he could only grout up that board—which he must do sooner or later—what part of me will he begin upon? Probably this little finger—it is so white and helpless. If I could only, only move—to be eaten alive by pigs! Well, well, there is not so very much left for them. Infinitely better men have had a lower end than that. Only I would bend my knees—if bend them I could—to the Giver of all good, that I may be insensible before the pigs begin."

His plight was a very unfortunate one; but still in the blackest veil of woe there is sure to be some little threadbare place—from so many people having worn that veil—and even poor Hardenow had one good "look-out." To wit, although he had been without food for six-and-twenty hours now (having been caught in the treacherous toils soon after he set his toes toward his dinner), he was not by any means in the same state in which a Low-Church clergyman must have been. His system was so attuned to fasting, and all his parts so disciplined, that "cupboard" was only whispered among them in a submissive manner; and even his stomach concluded sorrowfully that it must be Friday.

Beyond this considerable advantage—which could not last much longer—there was really little to console him. His cowardly captors, not content with the rabbit net twined round him, had swathed him also in the stronger meshes of a corded pig net. And even after that, Black George, having had the handling of his legs, and discovered the vigor of their bonyness, was so impressed that he called out, "I never did heckle such a wiry chap. Fetch a pair of they tough thongs, Tickuss, same as thou maketh use of for ringing of the pigs, my lad."

"Whish!—can't 'ee whish, with my name so pat?" Leviticus whispered, sulkily; but he brought the unyielding thongs, wherewith the fellow and tutor of Brasenose very soon had his wrists and ankles strapped. And in spite of all struggles through the livelong night, as firmly as a trussed hare was he fixed.

Nevertheless, he could roll a little, though not very fast, because his elbows stopped him; for being of the sharpest they stuck into the ground, which was of a loamy nature. He fought with this difficulty as with every other; for a braver heart never dwelled in any body, whether fat or lean; and he plucked up his angles from their bed of earth, so far as the limits of cord would yield. He knew all about the manufacture of twine—so far as one not in the trade could know it—because he had got up the subject for the sake of a whip-cord of a puzzle in Theocritus; but this only served to make his case the worse; for at that time honest string was made. Now, the dressing, and the facing, and the thousand other rogueries make it quite impossible to tie a good knot; and even if a strap has any leather in it, its first operation is a compromise.

But at that stouter period bind made bound. Mr. Hardenow could roll a little; but that was as much as he could do. And rolling did him very little good, except by way of exercise; because he was pulled up short so suddenly by feather-edged boarding, with a coat of tar. The place in which he was penned was most unworthy of such an occupant. It was not even the principal meal house, or the best treasury of "wash." It was not the kitchen of the tasteful pigs, or even their back kitchen, but something combining the qualities of their scullery and dust bin. But the floor was clean, and a man lying on it, so far as smell was concerned, had certainly the best of the situation, inasmuch as all odors must ascend to the pure ether of the exalted. Hardenow knew that it was vain to roll, because the door was padlocked, and the lower end, to which he chiefly tended, had a loose board, lifted every now and then by the unringed snout of a very good old sow. Pure curiosity was her motive, and no evil appetite, as her eyes might tell. She had never seen a fellow and a tutor of a college rolling, as she herself loved to do; and yet in a comparatively clumsy way. She grunted deep disapproval of his movements, and was vexed that her instructions were entirely thrown away.

"Ah, Linus, Linus be the cry; and let the good be conqueror!" Mr. Hardenow quoted, as his legs began to ache; "henceforth, if I have any henceforth, how palpably shall I realize the difference between the alindethra and the circular conistra! In this limited place I combine the two; but without the advantages of either. I take it that, whether of horse, or hen, or human being, the essential condition of revolutionary enjoyment is—that the limbs be free. In my case this is otherwise. The exhilaration which would ensue, and of which, if I remember rightly, Pliny speaks—or is it Ælian?—my memory seems to be rolling too; but be the authority what it will, in my case that exhilaration is (at least for the moment) not forth-coming. But I ought to condemn myself far rather than writers who treat of a subject with the gravity of authority; that is to say, if they ever tried it. 'Experimentum in corpore vili,' is what all writers have preferred. If their own bodies were not too noble, what powerful impress they might have left!"

After such a cynical delivery as this, it served him particularly right to hit, in the course of revolution, upon a bit of bone even harder than his own; a stanch piece of noble old ossification (whether of herbivorous, carnivorous, or omnivorous dragon), such as would have brought Professor Buckland from Christchurch headlong, or even Professor Owen, from the British Museum, the Tiresias of crocodiles. Hardenow knew nothing about it; except that it ran into him, and jerked him in such a way over the ground, that he got into the highest corner, and gladly would have rubbed himself, if good hemp yielded room for it.

But this sad blow, which seemed at first the buffet of the third and crowning billow of his woe, proved to be a blessing in disguise, inasmuch as the reaction impelled him to a spot where he descried some encouragement to work. And a little encouragement was enough for him. By virtue of inborn calmness, long classical training and memories, and pure Anglo-Catholic discipline, the young man was still "as fresh as paint," in a trouble which would have exhausted the vigor of a far more powerful and fiery man. Russel Overshute, for instance, even in his best health, would have worn his wits out long ago by futile wrath and raving hunger.

Mr. Hardenow could not even guess how there came to be quite a thick cluster of pretty little holes, of about the size of a swan's quill, drilled completely through the board against which his mishap had driven him. The board was a stoutish slab of larch cut "feather-edged;" and the saw, having struck upon most of these holes obliquely, their form was elliptic instead of round, and their axes not being at right angles to the board, they attracted no attention by admitting light, since the light of course entered obliquely. In some parts as close as the holes of a colander, in other places scattered more widely, they jotted the plank for nearly a yard of its length, and afforded a fine specimen of the penetrative powers of a colony of *Sirex gigas*, so often mistaken for the hornet.

But though as to their efficient cause he could form no opinion, Hardenow hoped that their final cause might be to save his life; which he quietly believed to be in great peril. For he knew that he lay in the remote obscurity of a sad and savage wood, unvisited by justice, trade, or benefit of clergy. Here, if no good spirit came, or unseen genius, to release him, die he must at his own leisure, which would be a long one. And he could discover no moral to be read over his distant skeleton; unless it were that very low one—stick to thy own business.

A man of ordinary mind would not have troubled his head about this. "*Post me, diluvium*," is the strengthening sentiment of this age; a miserable substance for all good work; and the death of all immortality. Hardenow would have none of that; he had no idea of leaving ashes fit to nourish nothing. Collecting his energies for a noble protest against having lived altogether in vain, he brought his fettered heels, like a double-headed hammer, as hard as his probolistic swing could whirl, against the very thickest-crowded cells of by-gone domicile. The wooden shed rang, and the uprights shook, and the nose of the sow at the lower end was jarred, and her feelings hurt; for, truly speaking, her motives had been misunderstood. And if Hardenow had but kept pigs of his own, he would have gone to work down there to help her, and so perhaps have got her to release him from his toils. Every body, however, must be allowed to go to work in his own way: and to find fault with him, when he tries to do his best, is (as all kind critics own) alike ungrateful and ungracious. Mr. Hardenow worked right hard, as he always did at every thing, and his heels had their sparables as good as new, and capable of calcitration, although he only wore tongued shoes, with a bow of silk ribbon on the instep. The ribbon held fast, and he kicked or rather swung his feet by a process of revolution, as bravely as if he had Hessian boots on. At the very first stroke he had fetched out a splinter as big as the scoop of a marrow spoon; and delivering his coupled heels precisely where the little tunnels invited them, in a quarter of an hour he had worked a good hole, and was able to refresh himself with the largeness of the outer world.

Not that he could, however skilled now in rolling, roll himself out of his black jail yet—for the piece punched out was only four inches wide—but that he got a very decent width (in proportion at least to man's average view) for clear consideration of the world outside. And what he saw now was a pretty little sight, or peep at country scenery. For the wood, just here, was not so thick that one could not see it by reason of the trees—as the Irishman forcibly observed—but a dotted slope of bush and timber widening and opening sunny reaches out of the narrow forest track. There was no house to be seen, nor cottage, nor even barn or stable, nor any moving creature, except a pig or two grouting in the tufted grass, and gray-headed daws at leisure perking and prying, for the good of their home circle. But presently the prisoner espied a wicket gate, nearly at the bottom of the sylvan slope, with a little space roughly stoned before it—almost a sure sign, in a neighborhood like that, of a human dwelling-place inside. And when Hardenow's eyes, recovering tone, assured him of the existence of some moss-grown steps, for the climbing of a horse upon either side, he felt a sudden (though it may not have been a strictly logical) happiness, from the warm idea that there must be some of the human race not far from him. He placed his lips close to the hole which he had made, and shouted his very loudest, and then stopped a little while to watch what might come of it, and then sent forth another shout. But nothing came of it, except that the pigs pricked up their ears and looked around and grunted; and the jackdaws gave a little jerk or two, and flapped their wings, but did not fly; and a soft woody echo, of a fibrous texture, answered as weakly as a boy who does not know.

This was pretty much what Hardenow expected. He saw that the wicket gate was a long way off—three or four hundred yards perhaps; but he did not know that his jailer, Tickuss Cripps, was the man who lived inside of it. Otherwise his sagacious mind would have yielded quiet mercy to his lungs. For Leviticus was such a cruel and cowardly blunderer, that, in mere terror, he might have dashed grand brains out. But luckily he was far away now, and so were all other spies and villains; and only a little child—boy or girl, at that distance nobody could say which—toddled out to the wicket gate, and with vast pride and strength worked away to push it open. Having seen no one for such a long time now, Hardenow took an extraordinary interest in the efforts of this child. The success or the failure of this little atom could not in any way matter to him, yet he threw his whole power of sight into the strain of the distant conflict. He made up his mind that if the child got out, he should be able to do the like.

Then, having most accurate "introspection" (so far as humanity has such gift), he feared that his mind must be a little on the wane ere ever such weakness entered it. To any other mind the wonder would have been that his should continue to be so tough; but he hated short-comings, and began to feel them. Laying this nice question by until there should be no child left to look at, he gazed with his whole might at this little peg of a body in the distance, toppling forward, and throwing out behind the weight of its great efforts. He wondered at his own interest—as we all ought to wonder, if we took the trouble. This little peg, now in battle with the gate, was a solid Peg in earnest—a fine little Cripps, about five years old, as firm as if just turned out of a churn. She was backward in speech, as all the Crippses are; and she rather stared forth her ideas than spoke them. But still, let her once get a settlement concerning a thing that must be done to carry out her own ideas, and in her face might be seen, once for all, that stop she never would till her own self had done it. Hardenow could not see any face, but he felt quite a surety of sturdiness from the solid mould of attitude.

That heavy gate, standing stiffly on its heels, groaned obstreperously, and gibed at the unripe passion of this little maid. It banged her chubby knees, and it bruised her warted hand, and it even bestowed a low, cowardly buffet upon her expressive and determined cheek. And while she lamented this wrong, and allowed want of judgment to kick out at it, unjust it may have been, but true it is, that she received a still worse visitation. The forefoot of the gate, which was quite shaky and rattlesome in its joints, came down like a skittle pin upon her little toes, which were only protected on a Sunday. "Ototoi! Ototoi!" cried Mr. Hardenow, with a thrilling gush of woe, as if his own toes were undergoing it. Strong, yet truly just, lamentation awoke all the echoes of the woods and hills; and Hardenow thought that it was all up now—that this small atom of the wooded world would accept her sad fate, and run in to tell her mother.

But no; this child was the carrier's niece; and a man's niece—under some law of the Lord untraced by headless progeny—takes after him oftentimes a great deal closer than his own beloved daughter does. Whether or no, here was this little animal, as obstinate as the very carrier. Taught by adversity, she did thus. Against the gate post she settled her most substantial availability, and exerted it, and spared it not. Therewith she raised one solid leg, and spread the naked foot thereof, while her lips were as firm as any toe of all the lot, against the vile thing that had knocked her about, and the power that was contradicting her. Nothing could withstand this fixed resolution of one of the far more resolute moiety of humanity. With a creak of surrender, the gate gave back, and out came little Peggy Cripps, with a broad face glowing with triumph, which suddenly fell into a length of terror as the vindictive gate closed behind her. To get out had been a great labor, but to get back was an impossibility; and Hardenow, even so far away, could interpret the gesture of despair and horror. "Poor little thing! How I wish that I could help her!" he said to himself, and very soon began to think that mutual aid might with proper skill be compassed.

With this good idea, he renewed his shouts, but offered them in a more insinuating form; and being now assured that the child was female, his capacious mind framed a brief appeal to the very first instinct of all female life. Possibly, therefore, the fairer half of pig and daw creation appropriated with pleasure his address. At any rate, although the child began to look around, she had no idea whence came the words, "Pretty little dear, little pet," etc., with which the learned prisoner was endeavoring to allure her.

But at last, by a very great effort, and with pain, Hardenow managed to extract from the nets his white cravat, or rather his cravat which had been white, when it first hung down his back from the taloned clasp of the hollies. By much contrivance and ingenious rollings he brought out a pretty good wisp of white, and hoisted it bravely betwixt gyved feet, and at the little breach displayed it. And the soft breath of May, which was wandering about, came and uncrinkled, and in little tatters waved the universal symbol of Succession Apostolical, as well as dinner parties.

Little Peggy happened at this moment to be staring, with a loose, uncertain glimpse of thought that somebody somewhere was calling her. By the flutter of the white cravat her wandering eyes were caught at last, and fixed for a minute of deliberate growth of wonder. Not a step toward that dreadful white ghost would she budge; but a steadfast idea was implanted in her mind, and was likely to come up very slowly.

"It is waste of time; I have lost half an hour. The poor little thing! I have only scared her. Now let me think what I ought to do next."

But even while he addressed himself to that very difficult problem, Hardenow began to feel that he could not grapple with it. His mind was as clear as ever, but his bodily strength was failing. He had often fasted for a longer time, but never with his body invested thus, and all his members straitened. The little girl sank from his weary eyes, though he longed to know what would become of her; and he scarcely had any perception at all of pigs that were going on after their manner, and rabbits quite ready for their early dinner the moment the sun began to slope, and a fine cock partridge, who, in his way, was proud because his wife had now laid a baker's dozen of eggs, and but for his dissuasion would begin to sit to-morrow; and after that a round-nosed hare, with a philoprogenitive forehead, but no clear idea yet of leverets; and after that, as the shadows grew long, a cart, drawn by a horse, as carts seem always to demand that they shall be—the horse of a strong and incisive stamp (to use the two pet words of the day), the cart not so very far behind him there, as they gave word to stop at the gate to one another—and in the cart, and above the cart, and driving both it and the horse thereof, as Abraham drove on the plain of Mamre, Zachary Cripps; and sitting at his side, the far-traveled and accomplished Esther.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY, 1876.

Sunday, 28.—Sunday after Ascension.

JUNE.

Sunday, 4.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday, 11.—Trinity-Sunday; St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 18.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday, 25.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 29.—St. Peter.

This year, as usual, the second week of May has been the time chosen by the great religious societies of the United States for holding their annual meetings and summing up the results of the work of the year. The American Bible Society has received $527,138, and has expended $539,281; of the receipts, $119,678 were from legacies. As many as 850,470 copies of the Scriptures have been issued during the year, making 33,125,796 issued since the organization of the society. Over $80,000 were appropriated to foreign fields, principally to American missions abroad. The society makes through its auxiliaries a visitation of the families of the population of the country for the purpose of supplying those found destitute with copies of the Scriptures; the number of families so visited in the last ten years was 5,454,788.

The National Temperance Society reported its receipts for the year to be $55,693; expenditures, $55,641; 450 publications have been issued, including two monthly papers.

The anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society was held May 8. The secretary reported forty-eight chaplains, missionaries, and colporteurs aided by its funds; 790 libraries have been sent out during the year on vessels carrying 10,635 men; 850 libraries have been shipped in the United States navy. The Cherry Street Home has accommodated 2034 seamen in the year.

The American Home Missionary Society reports for the year receipts to the amount of $310,927, and $309,871 expenditures. The number of missionaries in its service is 979, who labor in thirty-three States and Territories. During the year the missionaries have organized ninety-two churches, and received about 7836 persons into church membership.

The American Tract Society has received during the year from all sources $504,577, and expended $501,803. It issues six periodicals, and published in 1875 thirty-six new volumes; 229 colporteurs have been employed. The Hon. William C. Strong was re-elected President.

The death of the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, in the eighty-second year of his age, closes a career of useful labor protracted far beyond the ordinary limits of ministerial activity. While a pastor in Albany Dr. Sprague projected and carried forward to completion his *Annals of the American Pulpit*, devoting an octavo volume to each one of the leading denominations of the country. In preparing this work he had the aid of many contributors, who have furnished from their personal knowledge and other sources of information reminiscences which would otherwise have perished in the course of years. These annals will be invaluable to the future historian of the American churches. During the last years of his life Dr. Sprague lived in Flushing, Long Island. He was an indefatigable collector of autographs. In his intercourse with society he was noted for the gentleness of his spirit.

The Moravian Synod of the Province of North America assembled at Nazareth, Pennsylvania, May 17—a town which abounds in interesting historical associations. Here may be found the "Moravian Library and Collection of Antiquities," all stored in the Whitefield House. Among the valuable possessions of the society is a full collection of portraits of the old worthies of the Moravian Church in the United States.

It is announced that the $300,000 required to be raised in Kentucky in order to secure the removal of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary to Louisville have been secured. It remains now to raise $200,000 without that State by the Baptists of the South.

The fraternal spirit of the Young Men's Christian Associations of our country is shown in the fact that after meeting in annual convention at Richmond in 1875, they meet for the same purpose in 1876 at Toronto, Canada. The time named is July 12-16. The Executive Committee report that the work in the West and South and among the Germans has grown beyond all anticipation of its progress.

The memorial of the Protestant Alliance of England, praying the House of Commons to institute inquiries into the condition of monastic institutions, states some facts not generally known. In 1829 there were in England 16 convents and no monasteries, in 1851 there were 17 monasteries and 53 convents, in 1876 there are 99 monasteries and 299 convents. The memorialists say, "The charitable and religious property of all other religious denominations has been inquired into by commissioners, and has been brought thoroughly under the control of the state, but the property of these Roman Catholic institutions was in 1853 specially exempted from the control of the Charity Commissioners, and so continues."

Even the most skeptical acknowledge the value of the services rendered to the people of the East by the Christian missionary colleges. Those at Beyrout and Constantinople have attained a commanding position. Notice has already been taken in this Intelligence of the efforts made to endow another in Central Turkey. The sum of $50,000 has already been raised, and the endowment of three professorships, at a cost of $16,000 each, is now asked for. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler is now in the United States raising funds for Armenia College, Eastern Turkey. A revolution in the higher education of the East will most effectually prepare the way of a Christian civilization.

The religious toleration clause of the national Constitution has been for some days before the Spanish Cortes. The king's ministers are united in its favor.

The *Examiner and Chronicle*, of this city, announces that Dr. Talmage is in Florida for the benefit of his health: has been there, is probably the correct statement. Dr. Talmage has done in the last few years an amount of work which very few men could get through with and live. His church has burned down and been rebuilt. The Lay College has been organized and carried forward without endowment. He preaches to the largest congregation in Brooklyn, and, besides, edits a paper. In addition to all the rest, he is a popular author. Mr. Spurgeon is burdened in a like manner; but excessive work begins to tell even on his tough frame.

Lord Radstock, whose name frequently appeared a year or more since among those of active evangelists, is now in St. Petersburg. He writes to his friends in England that the denial of religious liberty in Russia makes many difficulties for an active evangelist.

An ingenious method has been devised by the Unitarians of uniting the Centennial Exposition with an exposition of Unitarianism. Arrangements have been perfected to "give visitors to Philadelphia an opportunity of hearing eminent Unitarian preachers." Dr. Bellows is accordingly announced as the preacher on May 14, and the Rev. James Freeman Clarke on Sunday, May 21. An exhibition will also be made of Unitarian literature from the time of the "Fratres Poloni" to the present day. Special effort will be used to give completeness to this exhibition of Unitarian literature in the foreign departments. Another feature is the presentation of intelligence in relation to Unitarian operations in the East. The German Unitarians have proposed an international conference in Rome in the interest of religious liberty.

Mr. Moody's success in the South of our country is just as remarkable as in the Northern States. A correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* writes of the meetings held in Augusta, Georgia: "Strong, rough men, who were wont to disregard and laugh at every pious exhortation, and who were always careless of the future, are now, in many instances, bending beneath a deep sense of religious conviction, and are become serious as to their spiritual condition." The meetings have been in part held in the open air.

The Monday morning lectures of the Rev. Joseph Cook in Boston have been so well attended by men of business and others that it is proposed with another year to make them permanent. They have been chiefly upon the application of Christian principles to practical life.

The admissions to the Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia for the year ending May 1, 1876, have been greater than in any former year. The numbers are: in the Presbytery of Philadelphia, 1473 members; Central Philadelphia, 1271; North Philadelphia, 500—making a total of 3244.

The Greek Church of Russia sustains a Christian mission in Japan, which is under the supervision of the Bishop of Kamtchatka. It has been in existence since 1870. The mission force consists of an archimandrite, a monk, and twelve catechists. Thirty catechetical scholars are under instruction. Two additional monks have been appointed by the "Holy Synod" at St. Petersburg. The Russian Church has also a mission at Pekin.

According to the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, the States to be represented in the Southern Baptist Convention, which opened in that city May 11, contain "half of the Baptist world." The past ten years have been for the Baptists of the South years of an extraordinary recuperation.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are announced to attend the Illinois State Sunday-school Convention, which begins May 23, at Jacksonville.

The quadrennial address of the Methodist bishops to the General Conference states that, since 1872, 234,610 persons have been admitted to church membership; of the whole number of members, 74,150 have died, making the net increase of members during the four years 160,460. The aggregate of members up to May 1, 1875, is 1,642,456. The churches number 15,633—an increase in four years of 1193, not quite one for every working-day of the four years. The number of parsonages is 5017, or about one for every two ministers; 708 parsonages have been built since 1872.

The Rev. Dr. Lanahan and others presented, on May 7, a memorial to the Conference, containing the following points: that the liabilities of the Western Publishing House at Cincinnati are $40,000 over its assets, that the Church needs but one publishing house, and that the Western periodicals are carried on at a loss. The first of these allegations is denied by the Western agents, who declare that the assets of the Western house are $987,749, and its liabilities $486,483, leaving a surplus of over $500,000. The memorial has been referred to a committee. On Monday, 8th, the subject was brought again before the Conference, and elicited an exciting debate.

The report of the agents of the Methodist Book Concern at New York shows the amount of real estate to be $766,879; of merchandise, to be $517,753; of notes and accounts, $404,584, making, with cash and other items, a total of $1,858,984. The house owes, on bonds issued to pay for the property at No. 805 Broadway, $495,000, and on bond and mortgage, $176,045, making a total indebtedness of $671,045. The net capital, according to the ledger, is, therefore, $1,187,969.

ON this plan are laid down all the avenues, drives, and paths that traverse the grounds; the several exhibition buildings, and those erected by the several States and by foreign governments; the monuments, fountains, and other objects of interest to the visitor. By the aid of this plan those who visit the Exhibition will be able to find their way to any part of the grounds they may desire to inspect.

THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.

The Main Exhibition Building is 1876 feet by 464 feet. The central span is 1832 feet by 120 feet.

The Art Gallery, or Memorial Hall, is a fire-proof building of granite, glass, and iron. Its dimensions are 365 feet by 210 feet, and it is surmounted by a central dome.

The United States Government Exhibition Building, designed for the exhibits of the various departments of the General Government and the Smithsonian Institution, covers about two acres of ground, and contains an interesting collection, illustrating the resources of the Government in peace and war.

Machinery Hall is 1402 feet in length and 360 feet in width. There are two main avenues running the entire length of the building, with numerous side and cross avenues.

The Agricultural Building is 826 feet long and 540 feet wide. The main central avenue runs through the building, and is 70 feet in width.

Horticultural Hall, constructed of stone, brick, glass, and iron, is a handsome building, 383 feet long and 193 feet wide.

The Woman's Pavilion, covering nearly an acre of ground, was erected at a cost of $30,000, contributed by the women of the United States. It is devoted entirely to the exhibition of women's work.

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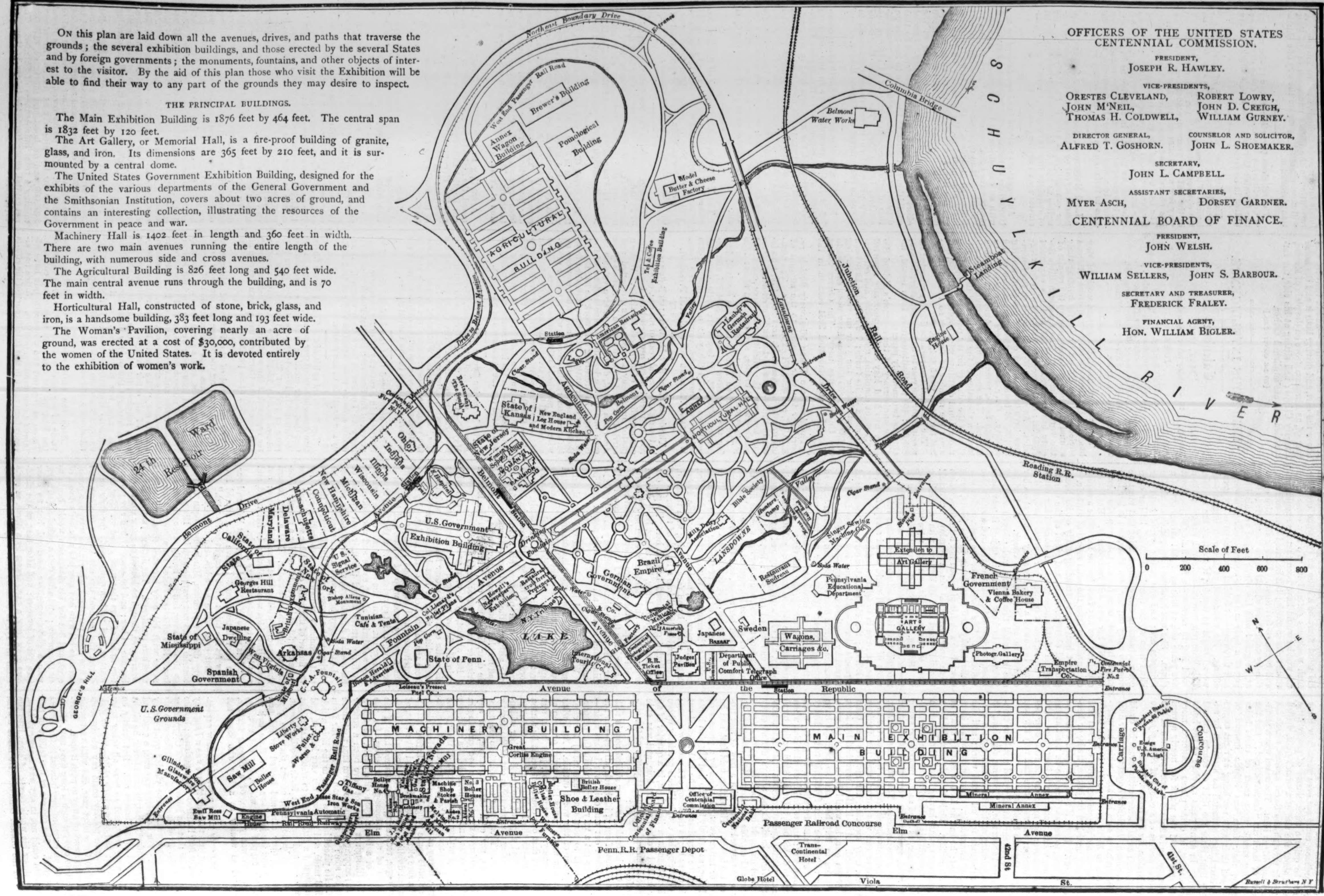
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Drive to Belmont Mansion
Station
American Restaurant
Lauber's German Restaurant
Valley
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Annex
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Bishop Allen's Monument
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Fountain Avenue
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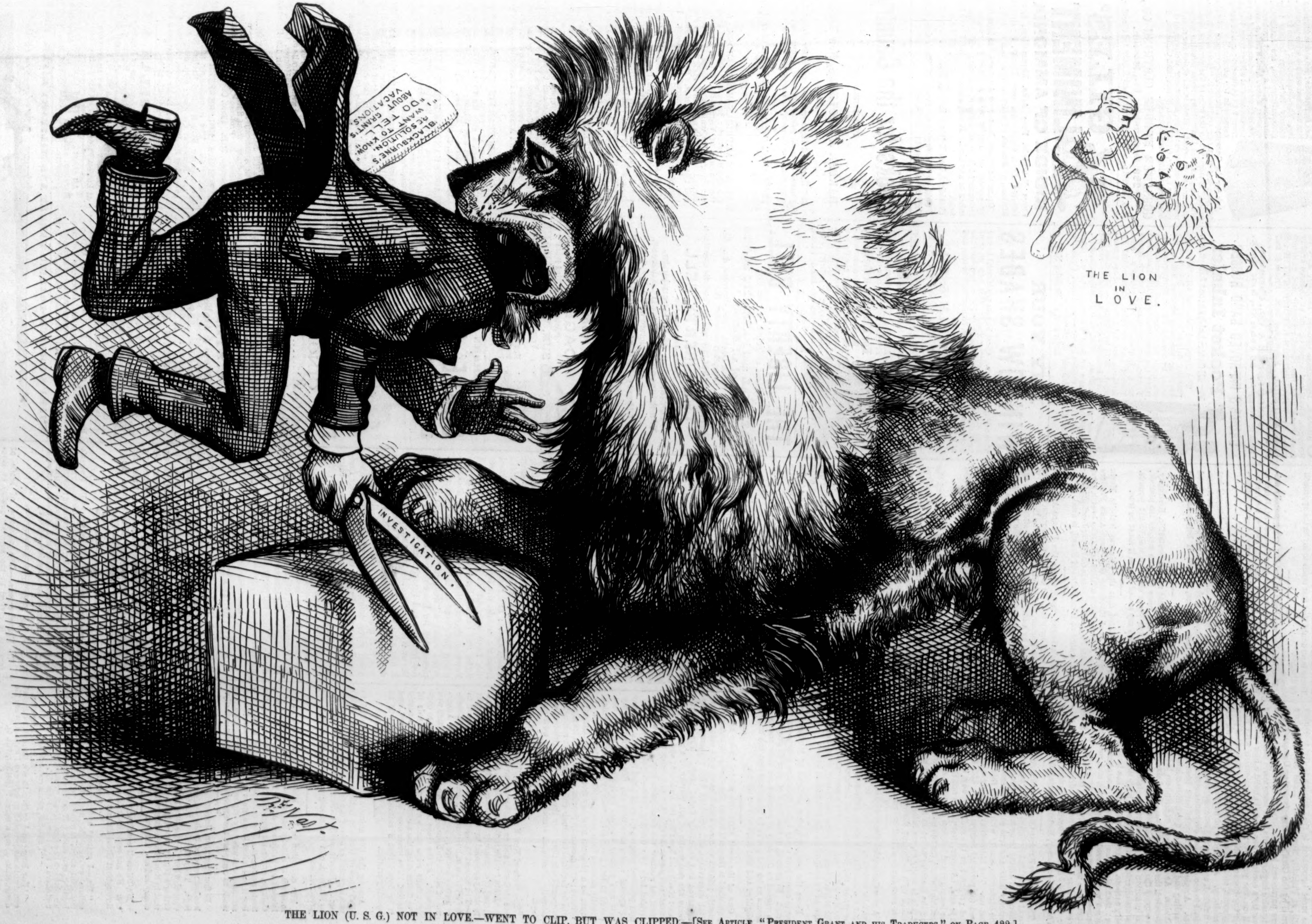
OUR CENTENNIAL—PLAN OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.—[SEE PAGE 422.]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"I WANT TO KNOW"
"DO TELL"
ABOUT GRANT'S
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THE LION
IN
LOVE.

THE LION (U. S. G.) NOT IN LOVE.—WENT TO CLIP, BUT WAS CLIPPED.—[SEE ARTICLE, "PRESIDENT GRANT AND HIS TRADUCERS," ON PAGE 422.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

An interesting feature of the business carried on by the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co. is the mill property. The most important is that known as the Glenham Mills, at Fishkill, New York. These were formerly owned by the Glenham Manufacturing Company, but were purchased by Mr. Stewart in 1875. Since then extensive improvements have been made there. Quite recently a contract was made to build a new spinning mill on the property; also, in connection with it, a weaving-house, a scouring building, a fire-proof storing-house, and various other buildings needful for the machinery. A number of handsome cottages are to be finished, and existing tenements repaired, in all sufficient to accommodate over one hundred and fifty families. Ample arrangements have been made for the boarding and lodging of five hundred laborers and mechanics. As the village of Glenham is being rapidly extended, the company have ordered six-inch pipes laid to supply the operatives with pure water. It had been the intention of Mr. Stewart to establish at these mills the manufacture of Axminster, body Brussels, and tapestry carpets. He expected to put in a hundred looms, but that plan was temporarily postponed. Twenty looms were ordered for tapestries, and two for body Brussels were purchased some time since. Carpeting from these mills was received by the firm in this city a short time before Mr. Stewart's death. Various other valuable mills are located in other parts of New York, in New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Vermont.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has inaugurated a movement in England designed to put an end to the cruel business of killing birds for ornamental uses. We can scarcely believe as true some statements in regard to the barbarous cruelty with which this business is carried on. The impression certainly exists that birds used for personal decoration are killed immediately, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists. It is said, however, that this is not the case, but that the beautiful and helpless creatures are subjected to a horrible torture, for the purpose, it is claimed, of causing the feathers to retain a firm hold upon the skin. If this is really so, we believe that every lady would shrink with indignant horror from giving the business even the most indirect encouragement.

A new Centennial discovery has been made in Philadelphia, according to report. It has been supposed that the building in which Jefferson lived, and where he wrote the Declaration of Independence, was No. 700 Market Street, but now it is ascertained that it was 702 Market Street. Some sentiment must have been wasted by visitors on the first-named house.

From the peach-growing sections of Michigan reports come that every thing indicates a large crop of fruit. In general, at this time of year all predictions in regard to the crop of peaches are unfavorable. It seems to be the policy to announce that the buds are blighted and that fruit will be scarce.

One of the most attractive school-books recently published is Harper's *School Geography*—a handsome, clearly printed volume, embellished with many beautiful engravings, and provided with numerous finely engraved and delicately tinted maps. The illustrations are real works of art, worthy of a place in the most costly gift book for the holidays; and while they attract and please the eye, they supplement in the most practical manner the descriptive text. The work is divided into two distinct parts—physical geography and political geography, each provided with a series of special maps, exercises, and descriptions. Many new and entirely original features have been introduced in this geography, notably in the maps, which greatly enhance its practical utility as a text-book. It must be a pleasure to study from such an attractive volume; and grown-up people, as they turn its pages, will be thankful that their children are not compelled to spend their time over the dingy, badly printed, and dismally illustrated school-books of their own early days.

The State of New York sent 426,000 soldiers into the late civil war, and as yet there is no Soldiers' Home in the State for the indigent, maimed, and deserving who served their country. The Legislature having been repeatedly appealed to without avail, it has been thought well to appeal to the hearts of the people in regard to the erection of a Home. Recently Henry Ward Beecher gave a lecture in behalf of this object at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. An immense audience was present. At the close of the lecture many large contributions were made, so that, with the proceeds of the ticket sales, the subscriptions amounted to nearly $14,000. The movement will be carried forward, and it is hoped that a suitable Soldiers' Home will be speedily erected.

Among the live animals which were presented to the Prince of Wales in India was an armadillo, which was regarded as one of the most valuable in the collection. Unfortunately, however, this died on the way to England, and was consigned to a cask of rum for preservation.

The collection of New York State minerals in the museum at Albany has recently been re-arranged and labeled by Professor Albert H. Chester, of Hamilton College, under the supervision of Professor Hall, the State geologist. The collection is one of great value, but it had fallen into a state of confusion, and this re-arrangement was very important. Additions should be made to complete the State collection systematically.

In Southampton, England, a memorial of Isaac Watts has been erected in the shape of some fine school buildings. They stand on the site of his garden, near the chapel where Watts was christened, and in which his father's family worshiped. It is a pleasant thought that in this garden many of his hymns were probably composed and written.

Mr. Plimsoll continues his efforts in behalf of sailors. He has sent the following circular to the clergy throughout Great Britain:

> "WHITEHALL GARDENS, *April*, 1876.
>
> "SIR,—I entreat assistance in getting redress for sailors' wrongs. My amendments provide survey of doubtful ships, carefully verified load-line, no deck loading, and survey of grain cargoes. Will you send up petition in support, and write letter to each of your members? or, at least, do the last.
>
> "I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
>
> "SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.
>
> "'For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?' (Esther, viii. 6)."

It has often been noticed during the prevalence of pestilential diseases that physicians, nurses, grave-diggers, and others who were constantly exposed to infection usually escaped the disease. While the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres it was frequently said that the grave-diggers bore charmed lives. Among three hundred men so employed not one lost his life. There is no doubt that fear tends to invite the approach of disease.

Fashionable weddings in London are generally solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square; St. James's, Piccadilly; or St. Peter's and St. Paul's, Belgravia. The ceremonies, however, do not vary from those performed in less distinguished places.

The Emperor of Brazil is said to allow himself but thirty minutes for his dinner; and, contrary to American custom, desires that every thing should be placed upon the table at once, instead of being served in courses.

Perhaps it is true that near Eberetsville, Kentucky, there is a boy four years old who weighs 195 pounds, and another five years old who weighs 211 pounds. *The newspapers say so*—of course it must be true.

We see it stated that the Princess Isabella Maria Conception Jane Charlotte Gualberta Anna Frances of Assisi Xaviera Paula d'Alcantara (take breath here) Antoinette Raphaela Michaela Gabrielle Joachina Gonzaga, the aunt of Dom Pedro of Brazil, is dead.

Bedloe's Island, upon which the Franco-American statue to Liberty is to be erected this summer, lies in New York Harbor, comparatively near the Battery. It is occupied by a fort and other army buildings of the United States government. In 1861 the notorious pirate Hicks, being a United States prisoner, was taken down to this island and hung. The proposed colossal monument is to be of bronze, sixty-five feet high, and is to have three arms, each holding a light. The desire is that Americans shall contribute the pedestal, which will cost $30,000.

Of the fifty-one illustrious patriots who signed the Declaration of Independence, thirty-seven had enjoyed the benefits of collegiate training; twenty were lawyers; four were physicians; five clergymen; three farmers; and the remainder were engaged in various mercantile pursuits, except Roger Sherman, the shoemaker, and Benjamin Franklin, who boasted of being a printer, yet was a statesman and a philosopher. Benjamin Franklin was the oldest among the members, and Edward Rutledge the youngest. Robert Morris was the most opulent, and was the financier of the government. Daniel Adams was the most needy; he was buried at the public expense. Josiah Bartlett was the first to vote for the measure, and the first after President Hancock to sign the document. Two of the signers, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, were subsequently Presidents.

XANTIPPE.

It seems that the memory of this woman, like that of her renowned husband, is likely to be kept alive to the end of time. She is said to have possessed a very irritable temper, and her name has become a synonym of "vixen," or "scold." It is more than possible, however, that the judgment passed upon her by mankind has been too severe. A more charitable disposition would undoubtedly have discovered in her many good qualities, and have attributed her failings more to physicial infirmities than to moral obliquity. The party most intimately acquainted with her, and therefore best able to form a correct opinion, gives her credit for many domestic virtues. It is now well known that many of the diseases to which women are subject, have a direct tendency to render them irritable, peevish, cross, morose, unreasonable, so that they chafe and fret over all those little ills and annoyances that a person in health would bear with composure. It is fair to infer that most of the tantrums of Xantippe were due to these causes alone: and could Socrates, as he returned from the Senate, the Gymnasium, or the Athenæum, have stopped at Pestle & Mortar's Drug Store and carried home a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now and then, no doubt he might have evaded many a "curtain lecture," allayed many a "domestic broil," made it much pleasanter for the children, and more enjoyable for himself, and rescued his wife's name from the uneveniable, world-wide, and eternal notoriety it has attained. Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was first made known to them. A single bottle often gives delicate and suffering women more relief than months of treatment from their family physician. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from internal fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, and its strengthening effects tend to correct displacements of internal parts, the result of weakness of natural supports. It is sold by all druggists.–[*Com.*]

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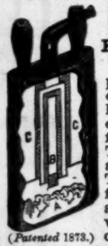

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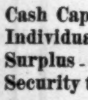

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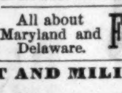

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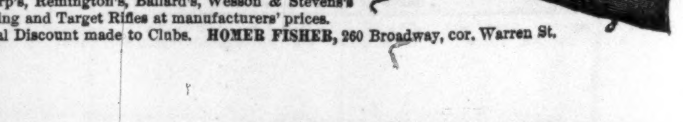

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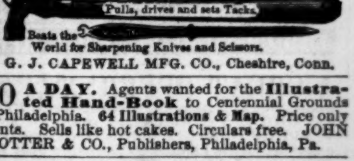
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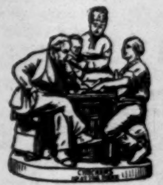

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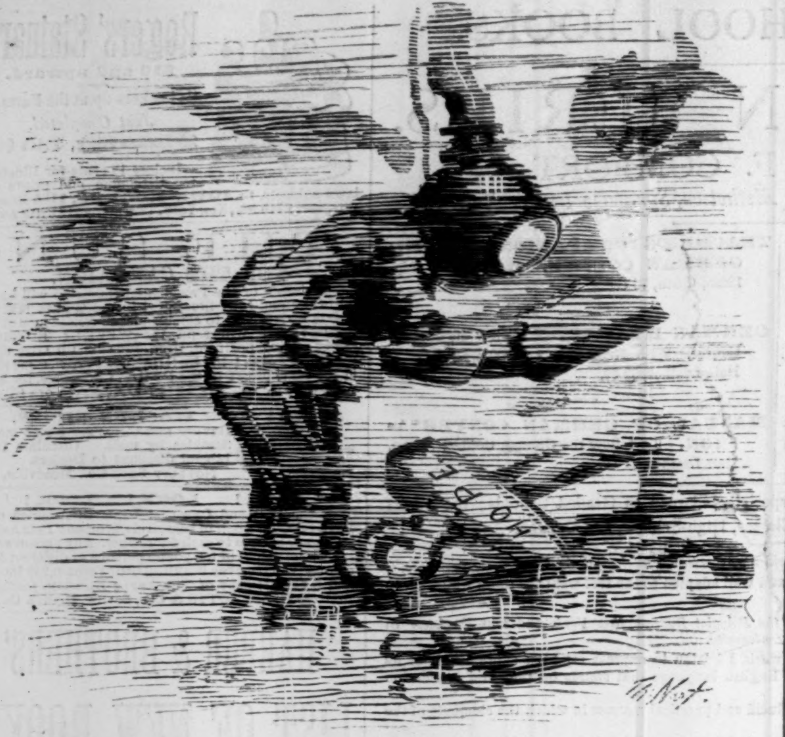

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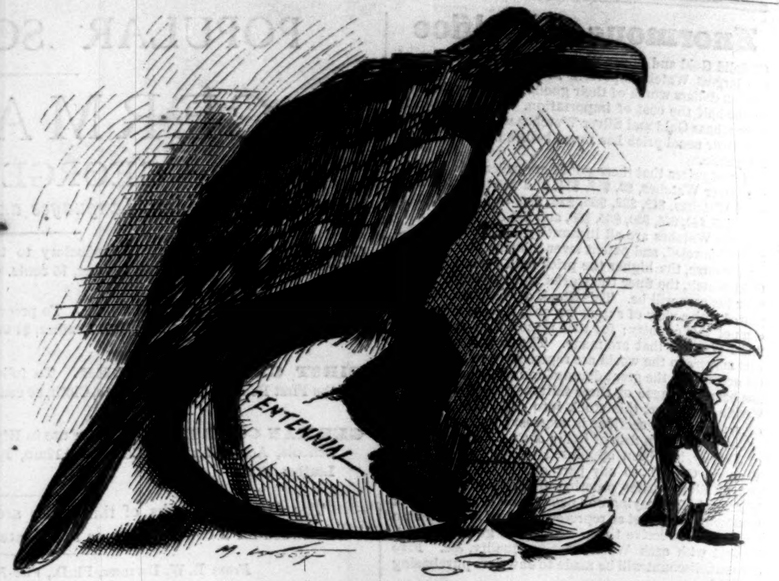

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THE LAST ORACLE.

(A.D. 361.)

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

YEARS have risen and fallen in darkness or in twilight,
Ages waxed and waned that knew not thee nor thine,
While the world sought light by night and sought not thy light,
Since the sad last pilgrim left thy dark mid shrine.
Dark the shrine and dumb the fount of song thence welling,
Save for words more sad than tears of blood, that said:
Tell the king, on earth has fallen the glorious dwelling,
And the water-springs that spake are quenched and dead.
Not a cell is left the God, no roof, no cover;
In his hand the prophet laurel flowers no more.
And the great king's high sad heart, thy true last lover,
Felt thine answer pierce and cleave it to the core.
And he bowed down his hopeless head
In the drift of the wild world's tide,
And dying, *Thou hast conquered*, he said,
Galilean; he said it, and died.
And the world that was thine and was ours,
When the Graces took hands with the Hours
Grew cold as a winter wave
In the wind from a wide-mouthed grave,
As a gulf wide open to swallow
The light that the world held dear.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Age on age thy mouth was mute, thy face was hidden,
And the lips and eyes that loved thee blind and dumb;
Song forsook their tongues that held thy name forbidden,
Light their eyes that saw the strange God's kingdom come.
Fire for light and hell for heaven and psalms for pæans,
Filled the clearest eyes and lips most sweet of song,
When for chant of Greeks the wail of Galileans
Made the whole world moan with hymns of wrath and wrong.
Yea, not yet we see thee, father, as they saw thee,
They that worshiped when the world was theirs and thine—
They whose words had power by thine own power to draw thee
Down from heaven till earth seemed more than heaven divine.
For the shades are about us that hover
When darkness is half withdrawn,
And the skirts of the dead night cover
The face of the live new dawn.
For the past is not utterly past,
Though the word on its lips be the last,
And the time be gone by with its creed
When men were as beasts that bleed,
As sheep or as swine that wallow,
In the shambles of faith and of fear.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Yet it may be, lord and father, could we know it,
We that love thee, for our darkness shall have light
More than ever prophet hailed of old or poet
Standing crowned and robed and sovereign in thy sight.
To the likeness of one God their dreams enthralled thee,
Who wast greater than all Gods that waned and grew;
Son of God the shining son of Time they called thee,
Who wast older, O our father, than they knew.
For no thought of man made Gods to love or honor
Ere the song within the silent soul began,
Nor might earth in dream or deed take heaven upon her
Till the word was clothed with speech by lips of man.
And the word and the life wast thou,
The spirit of man and the breath;
And before thee the Gods that bow
Take life at thine hands and death.
For these are as ghosts that wane,
That are gone in an age or twain;
Harsh, merciful, passionate, pure,
They perish, but thou shalt endure;
Be their life as the swan's or the swallow,
They pass as the flight of a year.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Thou the word, the light, the life, the breath, the glory,
Strong to help and heal, to lighten and to slay,
Thine is all the song of man, the world's whole story;
Not of morning and of evening is thy day.
Old and younger Gods are buried or begotten
From uprising to down-setting of thy sun,
Risen from eastward, fallen to westward and forgotten,
And their springs are many, but their end is one.
Divers births of godheads find one death appointed,
As the soul whence each was born makes room for each;
God by God goes out, discrowned and disanointed,
But the soul stands fast that gave them shape and speech.
Is the sun yet cast out of heaven?
Is the song yet cast out of man?
Life that had song for its leaven
To quicken the blood that ran
Through the veins of the songless years
More bitter and cold than tears,
Heaven that had thee for its one
Light, life, word, witness, O sun,
Are they soundless and sightless and hollow,
Without eye, without speech, without ear?
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Time arose and smote thee silent at his warning,
Change and darkness fell on men that fell from thee;
Dark thou satest, veiled with light, behind the morning,
Till the soul of man should lift up eyes and see.
Till the blind mute soul get speech again and eyesight,
Man may worship not the light of life within;
In his sight the stars whose fires grow dark in thy sight
Shine as sunbeams on the night of death and sin.
Time again is risen with mightier word of warning,
Change hath blown again a blast of louder breath;
Clothed with clouds and stars and dreams that melt in morning,
Lo, the Gods that ruled by grace of sin and death!
They are conquered, they break, they are stricken,
Whose might made the whole world pale;
They are dust that shall rise not or quicken
Though the world for their death's sake wail.
As a hound on a wild beast's trace,
So time has their godhead in chase;
As wolves when the hunt makes head,
They are scattered, they fly, they are fled;
They are fled beyond hail, beyond hollo,
And the cry of the chase, and the cheer.
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

Day by day thy shadow shines in heaven beholden,
Even the sun, the shining shadow of thy face:
King, the ways of heaven before thy feet grow golden;
God, the soul of earth is kindled with thy grace.
In thy lips the speech of man whence Gods were fashioned,
In thy soul the thought that makes them and unmakes;
By thy light and heat incarnate and impassioned,
Soul to soul of man gives light for light and takes.
As they knew thy name of old time could we know it,
Healer called of sickness, slayer invoked of wrong,
Light of eyes that saw thy light, God, king, priest, poet,
Song should bring thee back to heal us with thy song.
For thy kingdom is past not away,
Nor thy power from the place thereof hurled;
Out of heaven they shall cast not the day,
They shall cast not out song from the world.
By the song and the light they give,
We know thy works that they live;
With the gift thou hast given us of speech
We praise, we adore, we beseech,
We arise at thy bidding and follow,
We cry to thee, answer, appear,
O father of all of us, Paian, Apollo,
Destroyer and healer, hear!

PHILADELPHIA.

THE eyes of all the world are at present directed toward Philadelphia; and for the benefit of persons who contemplate visiting the City of Brotherly Love during the continuance of the great Exhibition, as well as of those who do not, we lay before our readers a large bird's-eye view of the city and its surroundings, including the Exhibition grounds. In examining this map-picture the spectator is supposed to occupy an elevated position above and a little to the eastward of Smith's and Windmill islands, in the Delaware River. These islands, popularly known as the "newsboys' Cape May," are a favorite picnic resort of the working-people of Philadelphia. The channel between them, originally a shallow depression, has been dredged out and walled, to afford a passage for ferry-boats and other craft. The buildings of the Navy-yard are shown on the extreme left. The view embraces a water-line on the Delaware of about three miles. Beyond the Schuylkill River the eye rests on the grounds and buildings of the Centennial Exhibition. This bird's-eye view has been so carefully drawn, lettered, and engraved that a stranger, with its assistance, could find his way about the city with the greatest ease. The names of the parks, streets, and most prominent buildings are clearly engraved, as well as those of places of interest in the suburbs. Taken in connection with the clear and elaborate map of the Centennial grounds printed in the body of the paper, the visitor to the Exhibition will find this map-picture of great service in finding his way to the principal objects of interest in and about the city.

Philadelphia charms all visitors by the general cleanliness of its thoroughfares, the air of substantial comfort every where observable, the splendor of its public edifices, the beauty of its suburbs, and its interesting colonial and Revolutionary memorials. Few cities in the world are more delightfully situated; in front, a broad, deep, and beautiful river, from which it extends back to the Schuylkill, and beyond it into rural districts of the most lovely and picturesque character. No wonder its illustrious founder wrote of it, in 1683, in terms of enthusiasm which even Quaker sobriety did not cool. "Of all places in the world," he says, "I remember not one better seated." And again he describes the site as a spot "that seems to have been appointed for a town, whether we regard the rivers, or the conveniency of the coves, docks, springs, the loftiness and soundness of the land and the air."

The place where PENN first set foot on the site of the future city was at the "Blue Anchor Landing," where, at the mouth of Dock Creek, stood the "Blue Anchor Tavern," the first house built within the limits of Philadelphia. This was in the vicinity of what is now the corner of Dock and Front streets. At that time Dock Creek was a considerable stream; vessels discharged their cargoes on its shores, and for a long time after the settlement of the town it was used for this purpose. Owing to its sluggish current, it became filthy and offensive, and the city authorities at length were obliged to arch it over. Dock Street was built over it, and followed its windings, in curious contrast with the straight lines of the other streets.

In founding the colony of Pennsylvania the project of a great city, which in time might rival the capitals of the Old World in magnificence, greatness, and opulence, was always uppermost in PENN's mind. The earliest surveys were made in 1682, when great numbers of colonists, most of whom were Friends, and nearly all persons of character and property, made their home there. In that year twenty-three ships arrived from the Old World with emigrants, and within three years six hundred houses were erected. From the very first it prospered. Owing to the just and peaceful policy pursued toward the aboriginal possessors of the soil, the inhabitants were spared those devastating and cruel wars from which other colonists suffered; nor were they subjected to distresses from severity of climate, want of food, or other evils which hindered the prosperity of so many settlements in the New World.

Many interesting relics and memorials of colonial and Revolutionary times have been gathered together at Philadelphia. One of the most interesting is the famous "Liberty Bell," which bears the motto, from Leviticus, xxv. 10, "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*" Beneath this bell the representatives of the old thirteen colonies "proclaimed liberty," and when the long debate was ended, and the glorious result announced on the 4th of July, 1776, its iron tongue sounded forth the glad tidings to the expectant multitudes. Its tone has been destroyed by a crack which extends from the lip to the crown, passing directly through the names of the persons who cast it. An attempt was made to restore the tone by sawing the crack wider, but without success. This interesting relic now rests in state in Independence Hall, as the old State-house has been called since the great event which we celebrate every Fourth of July.

FRANKLIN's grave, which every visitor will wish to view, is in the grave-yard of Christ Church, on the corner of Fifth and Arch streets. A plain slab marks the last resting-place of the great patriot, statesman, and philosopher.

Carpenters' Hall, reached by a passageway on the south side of Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth streets, should be visited as the place where the first Continental Congress met, and where Parson DUCHÉ made the first prayer in Congress, on the morning after the news of the bombardment of Boston had been received. This hall was built in 1770, for the use of the Society of Carpenters. When no longer required for public purposes, it passed from one tenant to another, and finally became an auction-room. The "Society of Carpenters" at length resumed control of it, and restored it to its old appearance as far as was possible. The walls are hung with interesting Revolutionary mementos.

The building is still standing in Arch Street, between Second and Third, where the first national standard of the United States was made, from a design furnished under the personal direction of GEORGE WASHINGTON, aided by a committee of Congress. This was in June, 1777. The house was then occupied by a Mrs. Ross, afterward Mrs. CLAYPOLE, who was there carrying on the upholstery trade. The design was the one subsequently adopted by Congress, the old thirteen stars and stripes. Mrs. Ross was given the position of manufacturer of flags for the government, and for some years she was engaged in that occupation. The business descended to her children, and was carried on by her daughter, CLARISSA CLAYPOLE, who voluntarily relinquished it on becoming a member of the Society of Friends, lest her handiwork should be used in time of war.

The public buildings of Philadelphia are numerous and conspicuous for architectural merit. Among them may be mentioned the Girard Bank, the Custom-house, the United States Mint, Girard College, the Academy of Music, the Union League House, Horticultural Hall, the Masonic Temple, the new Academy of Fine Arts, and the old Pennsylvania Bank. The principal material used in the public buildings is marble, which gives them a substantial and enduring appearance. Among the ecclesiastical structures there is Christ Church, celebrated in early colonial times; St. Peter's, also of historical interest; the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church; and the Catholic Cathedral. The city boasts of several very fine libraries. The Philadelphia Library, founded by FRANKLIN, which is open daily from sunrise to sunset, and which is free to strangers; the Mercantile and Athenæum libraries are large and well selected; and the University of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Hospital, and other institutions possess large and excellent libraries. Its medical colleges are justly celebrated. The most interesting educational institution in the city is Girard College, a free school for orphans, founded by the munificence of STEPHEN GIRARD, and placed under the guardianship of the city. On leaving, every pupil must be apprenticed to a trade or profession. The revenue of the college is derived from an estate called the Girard Trust, and the surplus goes to the improvement of the city and to some charities of minor importance.

By the aid of our map-picture the stranger in Philadelphia will readily find his way to all the points of interest. Its streets are threaded by lines of horse-railways, which give easy access to every portion of the city. This is a point of great importance to those who take lodgings in the city during this summer. Five different horse-railways lead to the Exhibition grounds; so that, although portions of Philadelphia are seven or eight miles away from the buildings, yet there is a horse-car within a stone's-throw of almost every dwelling by which the grounds can be reached. Four steam railways running through the city increase the facilities for getting to the Exhibition. No previous "World's Fair" has had such extensive and easy means of access.

THE WATER-NIXIE.

WHEN Polly Aldervine was quite a little girl, her father betrothed her to Philip Maylie, who was only four years older than herself, and the son of his dearest friend. Such betrothals are often—indeed, nearly always—great blunders; and as Mr. Aldervine and Mr. Maylie both realized this, in betrothing their children they put in the saving clause that only in case of a mutual attachment should the young couple be expected to marry. If they had followed up this wise precaution by keeping the whole matter to themselves, there might have been a very fair chance of the children taking a fancy to each other; but Polly and Philip were made aware of the betrothal, and desired to try very hard to like each other. This, of course, produced the natural consequences. If you wanted to know just what a little spitfire Polly was, you had only to mention Philip Maylie; and if you wanted to see just how ugly Philip could be, notwithstanding his natural good looks, it was only necessary to inquire after the health of his little wife. Fortunately the Atlantic Ocean soon separated them, for Philip lived in the lovely county of Kent, in England, while Polly's home was on her father's farm in New Jersey, United States of America. In this way a great deal of bickering was prevented; and as the girl and boy grew up they strove as much as possible to forget each other's existence, and succeeded tolerably well. But the day of awakening came, and when Polly returned from boarding-school, a blushing, lovely girl of eighteen, quite accomplished and charming, but more of a child than when she went away, her father declared, that judicious man sought to bestow on her the dignity befitting her years by reminding her of her engagement, and further informing her that, from letters lately received from England, he was told to expect Philip any day, for the vessel in which he had sailed was already due in New York.

Polly had often before felt rebellious, but now she concluded the time had come to speak, and she expressed her mind freely. She had never approved of this match, she told her father; it was not her idea of marrying at all, and she didn't want to marry, any way; and even if she ever did, which was doubtful, she wished to be permitted to choose for herself. Much more to the same effect, at the end of which tirade she caught up her sun-hat and the book she had been reading, and ran down to the meadow, leaving Mr. Aldervine in that state of mind which is best expressed by a very prolonged "Whew!"

Polly stopped when she came to a rippling stream that flowed through the meadow; and flinging herself down under the shade of a fine old tree, felt herself to be an extremely ill-treated young lady. She felt ashamed, too, when she remembered the look of concern and amazement with which her father received her late outburst.

Then Polly sought consolation in her book. It was a charming volume of fairy tales from the German—so you see Mr. Aldervine was justified in considering her very childish—and the particular story which then engaged her attention was all about water-sprites.

"How nice!" murmured Polly, as she finished it. "I just wish I was a water-nixie myself—they don't have to marry nasty men that come from Europe. If any one tries to compel them, why, they just melt away into a shower of water. I've a mind to try that way too: suppose I were to dissolve into tears every time papa speaks of it? I'm sure he couldn't stand having that kind of water-nixie for a daughter. Here goes, then; but I'll try the pleasant part first."

Close by the margin of the stream a plentiful supply of lilies and blue flags were growing, and Polly soon gathered her apron full, and having removed her hat, decked herself as a water-sprite, with lilies wreathing her hair, drooping around her neck and shoulders, clustering in knots on the bosom of her dress, and great bunches looping up her long skirt. There was a great abundance of flowers, and Polly didn't stint herself in the use of them. She was a picture for any artist eye when she finished adorning herself; and having a fair appreciation of the fact, she leaned over the stream, and, like Narcissus, was just on the point of falling a victim to her own charms, when a friendly hand prevented her from tumbling into the stream.

"Thank you," said Polly, laughing and blushing. "In another moment I would have been a watery maiden indeed, while I was only playing at being a water-nixie."

"You play the part very well," said the gallant stranger.

"Yes, I suppose so. If I were only a young lady, you would not take the liberty of paying me a compliment on such short acquaintance."

"Don't be angry—"

"I'm not. You see, we fairy people are not obliged to stand on ceremony like you poor humdrum creatures of the every-day world. Till I throw off my character of water-nixie you are not obliged to return to the formalities of society."

"This is a charming little creature," thought the stranger. "Ah, if I were only expected to fall in love with her instead of—"

"What a handsome fellow!" thought Polly. Then she said, aloud, "I've told you who I am—now you must be equally frank, and favor me with a short but comprehensive history of yourself. Where do you come from?"

"From beyond the sea, but lately arrived, and in search of such fortune as the gods may provide me."

"Under those circumstances you are bound to accept it, whatever it may be."

"Oh yes, I suppose so. But my mind is made up to that, so long as my father is pleased."

Polly had an inspiration; it was very sudden and confusing. Probably that was why she tore the water flowers so wildly from her, and discarded her character of water-nixie. "Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "You are Philip Maylie."

"And you are Polly Aldervine," said Philip, delighted.

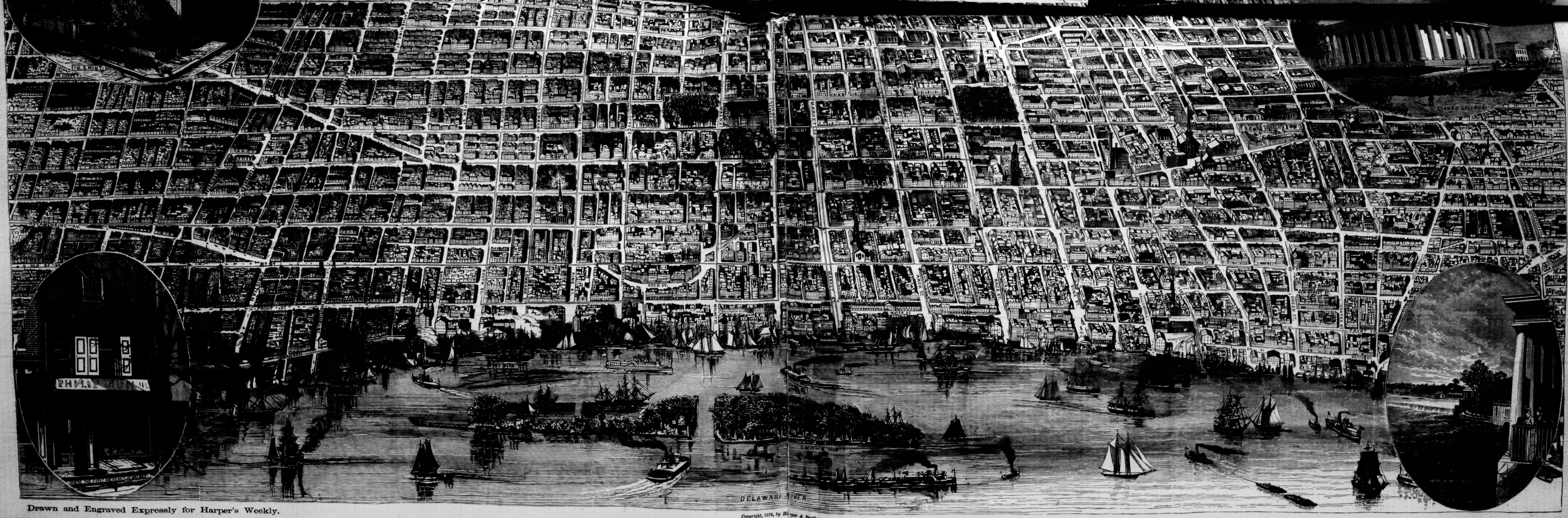
"How one can be mistaken!" said Polly, looking mischievous. "I ran away from home to escape you, because I thought you must be horrid. And you're not so bad at all—really, I think you quite nice."

"And I have seen many less charming creatures than you, but never one more so."

"Oh, take care! I am no longer a water-nixie. You mustn't pay compliments."

"But this can scarcely be called a first acquaintance, Polly dear."

"Let us go home, Philip. Come. I long to ask papa to forgive me for being so naughty this morning. I shall promise never to talk so again."


GIRARD COLLEGE
PHILIP MUN
WHERE THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG WAS MADE
SMITH'S ISL
DELAWARE RIVER

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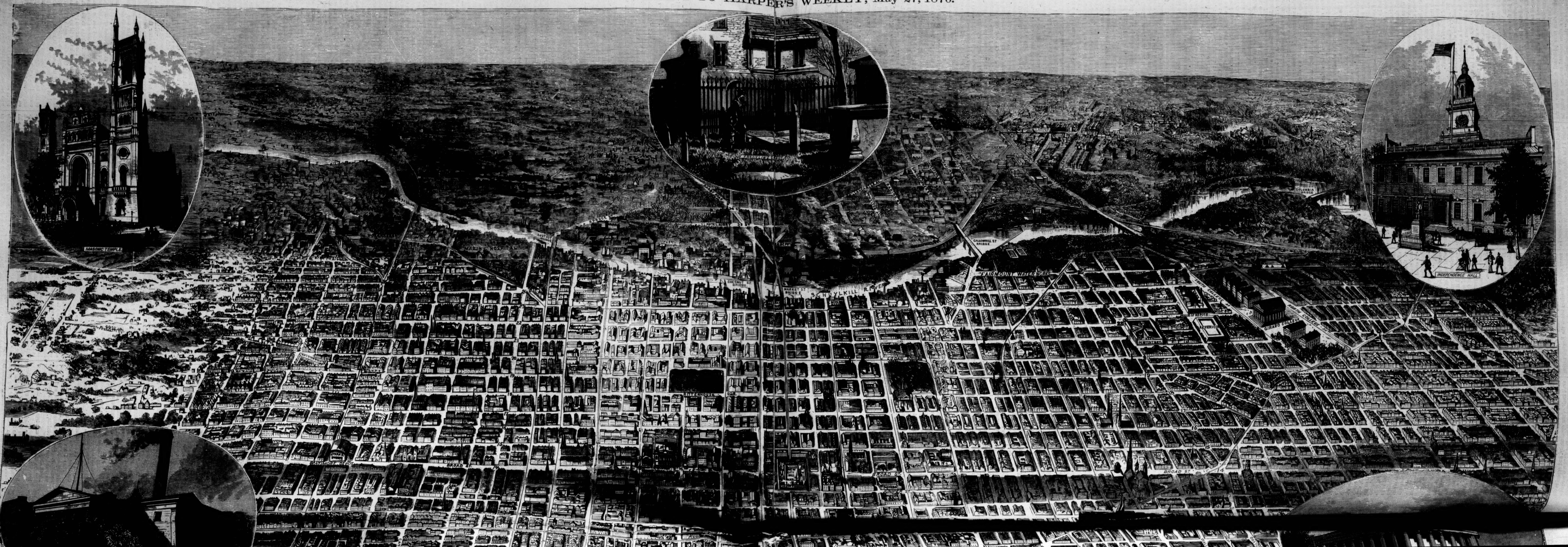
From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA.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HOUSE OF REFUGE
RESERVOIR
GIRARD COLLEGE
PENITENTIARY
RITTENHOUSE SQR.
ACAD. OF MUSIC
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THE WILD FLOWERS.

The wild flowers! the wild flowers!
They've come again to earth,
The very same that long ago
I hailed with childish mirth;
The very same that used to grow
Beside the pebbly brook—
They've come again, the very same,
And with the self-same look!

The wild flowers! the wild flowers!
They're scattered far and wide,
O'er hill and glade, in light and shade,
And by the worn way-side;
In crannies, where they always came,
On rock, in hidden nook—
They're here again, the very same,
And with the self-same look!

Ye fragile, almost phantom, flowers,
Ye gems of wood and wild,
How ye recall the long-past hours
When I was but a child!
How vividly your vision brings,
And in what varied ways,
The memories of long-lost things,
The forms of other days!

O Time! who mark'st thy furrows fast
Upon these forms of ours,
I thank thee that in other ways
Thou dealest with the flowers;
I thank thee that thou wakest them
From out their slumbers deep
Unfailingly, and just the same
As when they went to sleep.

I thank thee thou hast sent again,
E'en through my gathering tears,
These blooms the same, the very same,
As in the by-gone years;
That thou hast marred them by no change,
But left them just as fair
As when, on that far sunny day,
He bound them in my hair.

O fairy offspring of the earth!
O forms of varied hue!
O tiny faces sweet upturned
And bright with morning dew!
O starry shapes of matchless grace!
Ye've had the power to draw
One hour from out unmeasured space,
And give it me once more.

I thank you, O ye radiant ones—
I thank you for the art
By which your fair familiar forms
Have gladdened all my heart!
And in a song I'll sing your praise,
Pictures from Nature's book,
The same as in my childish days,
And with the self-same look.

THE MOON-FLOWER.

By the Author of "The Calderwood Secret," etc.

I.—MISS SMITH MAKES AN UNEXPECTED DÉBUT.

The Major's dog-cart came over the bend of the hill, and its occupant reined up in the shadow of a wall of rock all tufted with delicate ferns that quivered in the morning breeze. It suited the Major thus to become an observer of the scene below at a coolly critical distance, yet even his languid pulse stirred to a quicker throb as the mail-packet entered the harbor, watched by so many eager eyes.

Only the colonial dependents of the great world—the arteries still fed by the central home heart—know what it is to have the mail-packet arrive. There is the distant signal, the thread of smoke on the horizon, the growing hope taking shape of spar and hull, and then the bustle of disembarkation, the throng on the quay waiting for tidings, and the longing, not unmingled with dread, to learn what has transpired on the earth's surface while an enchanted sleep has brooded over this tropical realm.

Far as eye could reach a dome of purest ether melted to the horizon line of blue sea, that flashed and dazzled in the unrest of perpetual motion beneath the refulgent sunshine, while below, the town extended along the bay in a detached fashion, houses peeping out of embowering gardens, and palms fringing the shore.

The Major pulled his cap farther over his eyes, in which were reflected only unconquerable weariness of the charming scene, and watched the steam-ship touch the wharf. He was not a handsome man, this Major of ours, being rather stout for his medium stature, and apt to flush an uncomfortable red beneath a swarthy skin if annoyed, although the thin lips and small eyes evinced self-control. Seated there in the dog-cart, mufti made him resemble a plain commercial traveler.

"Here they are," he soliloquized, aroused to full attention. "I wonder what the new girl is like?"

The steamer had emitted a shrill whistle, startling all the slumbering echoes, and the usual stillness of the hour had succeeded, broken only by negro laughter floating up from the shore, and the occasional chirp of insects lapsing drowsily into the noonday siesta in sheltered forest coverts. Nature, prodigal in a redundant vitality of life, allowed man to dwell on the border of her garment, as it were, showering her treasures on him, yet checking his advance by the very luxuriance of her strength in rock and impenetrable thicket, which swept away inland an emerald wave of verdure. She seemed to say, "Scoop a resting-place if you will, little creature; but do not imagine that I respect your possessions, for the advance-guard of my army of desolation may storm and overpower you, in clinging vine, in bloom of orchids, in stealthy mining roots that will rob the ground from beneath your feet."

A carriage drove slowly up the hill. The Major drew himself erect. With portly coachman gazing at vacancy and discreet footman similarly employed, with fat horses that wheezed and heavy wheels that creaked, Sir Andrew Brougham's family coach passed. The Major raised his cap, a pair of violet eyes flashed upon him one instant, sending the blood tingling through his middle-aged veins, and then he was left to gaze after the lumbering vehicle as it disappeared.

The Colonel followed, well mounted, handsome, dignified; threads of gray in the silky masses of beard cleft by a delicately rounded chin. He carried letters in his hand.

"Has the new governess arrived, Colonel?" inquired the spectator in the dog-cart, involuntarily.

"Yes," replied the other, with a slight smile. "Will the mess celebrate such an extraordinary event?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders.

"We are not likely to be hard hit out here, you know, away from home, and all that. Any thing serves *pour passer le temps* in this monotonous hole."

"Even a new governess," added the Colonel, and rode on.

Left alone, the Major lighted a cheroot and still waited, for the Captain was climbing the path with long, elastic strides, and with the Captain would inevitably come news. The young man who thus advanced, audacious, reckless, and gallant, wore his laurels easily as lady's favorite with the garrison, by virtue of those accomplishments essential to the drawing-room—a smooth tenor voice, a gift of mimicry, and indefatigable zest in dancing.

"Pretty? Well, I can scarcely judge yet; dressed as plainly as your maiden aunt. By Jove! a neat little foot, though, well shod. You should have seen the old muff greet her: enough to freeze the marrow in the poor girl's bones. Going to afternoon tea at the General's? Awful bore, only one must do something to kill time. *Eh bien!* I will tell you more about the new arrival soon." He spoke with easy rapidity.

"Thanks. You seem to know little enough at present," said the Major, in his most grating voice, which acted like a cold dry wind on the nerves.

The Captain's brilliant eyes changed hue to a greenish-black as he retorted, with proper spirit,

"Bet you ten to one that I know who Miss Smith's grandmother was in four-and-twenty hours."

"Miss Smith!" repeated the Major, in real or assumed dismay.

"Miss E. Smith. There is a blow to romance for you! I must be off to the rehearsal. Horrid bore to have to drill the men in every sentence of a play. The letter H runs riot, of course. Fancy Sapper Moody struggling with the word 'piquant!' Addio."

The Captain strode on in the direction of the garrison theatre, and the Major drove down to the post-office beneath the blistering sun.

As for the Colonel, he had turned into a shady avenue leading to a cottage with low sloping roof and latticed verandas. Distance mellowed the edifice to marble, although it owed the dazzling whiteness of its walls to whitewash alone; and in contrast with this purity glowed scarlet clusters of the Easter star, roses such as bloom only in damp, warm latitudes, crimson and creamy yellow, yielding a wealth of grateful fragrance to the day's golden kisses, and masses of dark foliage. A young girl was swinging in a hammock, with a consequential poodle beside her; a grave old woman was seated under the palmetto-tree, sewing. At the sound of horse hoofs the girl sprang up.

"Papa, has the new governess arrived?" she cried, with childish eagerness, loosened hair and muslin robe flying behind her as she ran toward him.

The Colonel answered her question with another which had been forming in his own mind during the ride: "Do you wish she was coming to you instead of to Miss Kate, Evelyn?"

The daughter paused to reflect, her glance straying beyond the wide-spreading India-rubber-tree toward a glimpse of water, where a boat passed just then. "I scarcely know," she murmured, vaguely. "I am not afraid of you, papa, or poor old Jane, and Pompey might be cross."

Jane, gray, time-worn, and taciturn, threaded her needle; Pompey, the poodle, repudiated the charge of possible ill nature by cocking his ear and blinking at the young mistress. Then the Colonel went to his studies, which yielded him an indefinite sort of reputation as a learned man: the colonists said that he was a botanist, or something of the kind.

In the mean while the object of universal interest was seated on the floor of the chamber assigned her, beside an open box, and holding her head between her hands. The room was bare and cheerless, after the manner of tropical rooms, with a sea of polished floor, only broken by one island of carpet in the centre, and dark corners, shadow-haunted, where the wainscot met the floor. British supremacy, independent of circumstance, was asserted in the high four-post bed, with sombre moreen hangings. "Like a catafalque in this place," said the stranger, glancing over her shoulder with a shudder.

The green lattice of the windows imparted a cool atmosphere, as if the stone walls exhaled a chill, but the twilight was barred with gold here and there, where the sunshine struggled through spaces, tingeing the gloomy bed, the white ceiling, and the fair head bent over the box of treasures brought from home. Tears had been shed in the collapse of utter wretchedness and loneliness. There was moisture still on the long lashes, although the face had cleared of its first grief.

"Dear old father!" she exclaimed, addressing the photograph of an elderly gentleman. "Here I am at last, fairly launched on the road to fortune, or the reverse. The whole regiment will fall in love with me, as you suggested, perhaps; yet they will scarcely marry a governess, carrying their devotion to such an extent. We know pride of class by this time, to our cost." Holding the photograph at arms-length, she shook her head, and added, "Colonel Herbert Murray is stationed here; what do you think of that, darling?"

At this moment Miss Smith received her first call; and so unwelcome was the visitor that she sprang on a chair, cowering with alarm, and followed the movements of the enemy with dilating eyes. She had felt a downy touch on her neck, and dislodged, in an agony of alarm, a monster, in size, like the nightmare of dreams—a spider, cousin-german, at least, to the great tarantula.

Miss Smith's second visitor found her still perched on the chair, adjusting a gold chain about her throat, the pendant of which was concealed in her dress, and following the movements of the spider with a horrified fascination, as it spread each horny member on the wall—a silhouette—or ran noiselessly through the spaces of light and shade, the velvet pile of its back glistening in points of color.

Lady Harriet Brougham raised her eyeglass in cold surprise. Miss Smith blushed, and descended timorously from her perch.

"A spider? You must accustom yourself to insects in warm countries. A harmless creature, I assure you."

In support of her assertion, Lady Harriet opened the lattice with her own hands, and the spider actually fled from her presence through the window. While she was thus employed, the governess stood helplessly observing her companion. She was a stout, middle-aged lady, with a florid complexion, tending to redness about the nose and forehead, and features which would have been prim in a thin woman, while they lacked genial good nature in a plump person. The stamp of individuality in Lady Harriet was pride, not of an aggressive type, but as a reserve force impossible to cope with and conquer. The governess instinctively braced herself, and waited in silence, with a profound humility of aspect, real or assumed.

"We have met with a little difficulty which I request you to adjust for us. Our soprano, the chaplain's wife, has been taken ill, and can not sing at the entertainment to-night. You must fill her place by giving us some modern music."

"A concert to-night!" repeated Miss Smith. "Am I to sing in public?"

"Oh, your public will not be a critical one. We have a little entertainment at the garrison theatre to amuse the men, and afford us some diversion in rehearsal. Bring me your new songs to the drawing-room, and I will select one."

With that Lady Harriet swept away to read the *Court Journal* and *Belgravia*, flowers pressed and packed for those at the antipodes. She sighed more than once over the record of opera, balls, and races, until the ambition which had made it desirable, in her eyes, to reign over a small kingdom re-asserted full sway in patronage of the evening's amusement.

Left alone, Miss Smith uttered a little hysterical laugh, as if failing to comprehend the situation, glanced in a small mirror with a pink flush of excitement growing in her cheeks, and stole softly out of doors.

The garrison theatre resembled a glow-worm set in the dusky foliage. The interior was brilliant with color and life; even Lady Harriet, ushered in with the appropriate strains of "God save the Queen," had the bland aspect of one prepared to be diverted and make the best of things. Sir Andrew winced at the blatant volume of sound produced by the band, and was supposed to doze through the remainder of the evening. No pains had been spared in decoration. There were the walls of gayly tinted canvas; the Chinese lanterns clustered beneath the roof, and only too apt to shed hot tears on evening toilets from weeping candles; the tiny stage, with curtains painted by the artist of the corps, which arouses pleasure in the amateur-loving heart, if only by its suggestiveness of mimic comedy; and the fringe of soldiery in the background, curbed alone by the august presence of Lady Harriet, in blue silk, and her fair sisterhood, from irrepressible enthusiasm. Behold! would not Sergeant Blimmer appear in all the majesty of Don Cesar de Bazan? and might not Sapper Trent be relied upon for making merry in the rôle of the Mummy? Then the lady just out from home would sing. Yes, there she sat beneath the shadow of Lady Harriet's ample draperies—a slender figure in white, with face turned obstinately toward the stage, and only a crown of golden hair visible.

The Major could not obtain a glimpse of her profile, hence a stimulus to curiosity; the Captain was piqued and dissatisfied; fair young Evelyn Murray leaned against her father's scarlet sleeve, a lily blending with a cactus blossom, also watching the stranger, while the Colonel listened with an amused smile to her chatter.

"Oh, papa, she's sure to be prettier than Kate, if she is an heiress. The back of her head is nice. Poor girls are the prettiest, don't you think?"

There she sat, bitterness in her heart outweighing all sense of triumph. She had been bidden to sing—a creature whose previous life had been as untrammeled as that of a wild animal; and therein lay the sting of command. She waited while Don Cesar rolled forth grand utterances to a meek and cockney Maritana, painfully conscious of a useless tambourine in her hand, and the Mummy diverted his audience by grimaces and antics. At length the curtain fell; there was a pause; people consulted their programmes; the white figure had disappeared only to re-appear before the foot-lights as the curtain went up again, pale, quiet, resolute, bowing slightly in acknowledgment of the ripple of encouraging applause.

What was she like? The gentlemen pronounced her handsome, the ladies, nice-looking, and scanned her costume in hopes of gleaning new fashions. The plain muslin dress revealed not a shred of embroidery or lace any more than did the graceful shoulders and rounded arms a single ornament. Plain Miss Smith, making this unexpected début, grasped her music nervously, and, with a perceptible quiver of the proud mouth, began to sing. Tremulous, sweet, and low, the pure voice wooed all listening ears, until, gathering strength from the owner's steady purpose, it bore her along on the rush of melody to self-forgetfulness. She saw Lady Harriet and her court circle through a veil of mist; she saw the soldiers, distant yet distinct. Impulsive longing entered her heart to reach their nature as the notes fell in trilling cadence from her lips. Sudden awakening came with hand-clapping. The eyelids drooped impassively, and Miss Smith again inclined her head coldly.

Seldom did the garrison theatre witness such energetic appreciation. That wave of life in the background rose and stormed the heights of gentility in the orchestra stalls, vociferously demanding an encore. The pretty young lady in white must sing again. Lo! she appeared almost transformed by some new emotion; the pink flush stealing into her cheek, liquid, sparkling eyes turned to the soldiers with a certain wistfulness of appeal, as, with folded hands, she gave them "Annie Laurie." Ah! bonnie Annie Laurie, thrummed and worn threadbare long ago, yet bringing back the scent of heather and the shores of home in a chord of simple melody.

Introductions followed. Miss Kate, an insignificant young person, whispered behind her fan; Lady Harriet nodded approval; the Major, outflanking the Captain, studied the delicate features of the songstress, who said, with another glance at that margin of red uniform, "I am a soldier's daughter."

"Indeed! Are you related to General Lightfoot Smith, of the Bengal Fusileers?" he inquired, with some eagerness.

Miss Smith replied in the negative; nor did she add that her parent had vanished from the ranks long ago, and had since been dwelling at Calais.

The young girl Evelyn again leaned against her father's sleeve with a puzzled expression on her face.

"Papa, she looks like me. How very odd!"

Later the Major played billiards with the Captain, and sipped claret cup.

"I can place her, I fancy," he said. "She is the daughter of some bankrupt tradesman, educated as a governess, and that sort of thing. She might make no end of money with such a voice, though."

"Many a diva has been a street singer," replied the Captain, with a yawn. "She is more of the reduced gentlewoman type—the poor but honest business. No doubt she has come out here to bag the best game and get married. She has us at a fearful disadvantage, mind you."

"You must not blame the poor girl for that."

The Major's face assumed a complacent expression, the Captain laughed softly as they separated. Outside in the darkness the Major paused before seeking his quarters. Perhaps the softness and fragrance of the night reached him, through subtle influences of which he was ignorant, in the musical plash of unseen waves lapsing on the strand, in the crystal splendor of stars above, in the stealthy, mysterious movement of nocturnal life among the leaves.

He was not a sentimental being; he had fought his own battle with the world, inspired by a dogged resolution not to be put down for somewhat obscure birth, and the tardy inheritance of wealth made him somewhat ostentatious. Possibly circumstances had much to do with his present mood, the *ennui* of months of banishment to this paradise had rendered him susceptible to new impressions; certainly he heard a woman's voice singing on through the night long after his glance had ceased to seek the Government House. Had the Major's nature been like the willow reversed in a vase of water, rootlets would not become leaves and leaves rootlets, in the wise law of ready adaptation, and he would have been rather proud than otherwise of such stubbornness.

"Young and pretty, with a certain *Je ne sais quoi* of distinction about her, and sings like an angel. I hope I am not really smitten, for I should do better than to marry a *gouvernante*," was his last wakeful reflection.

On the ensuing morning the Colonel walked toward the shore, according to his custom. Early as was the hour, a rain of golden sunshine already descended on the snowy roof of his cottage and the waving crests of the palm-trees, although a soft breeze caressed the flowers. The path led through a grove of cedar, aromatic scented, with gnarled and stunted trunks, then wound into a banana plantation, the stalks rising like ivory columns veined with carmine from the fringe of husk. On the right were limes, the calabash, and gray olive-trees, while to the left the way dipped to the sea through a natural portal of rock. The wide expanse of blue water swept toward the shore, gaining dazzling hues of emerald green and pellucid white as it glided among the reefs. In the submarine depths spread the frost-work of coral forests and thickets of silky weed, where fish flashed along like broken rainbows, and the purple sea-fans undulated slowly in the tide.

Here the Colonel sought his bath—a cave fashioned by nature for his use, where twilight robbed the sea of evanescent beauty, and murmurs reached the ear which might be the voice of Ariel in dim recesses, or the laughter of tiny water people rising in silver bubbles from the shattered wave.

At the mouth of the cave a glittering object lay on the sand. It was a slender gold chain with a miniature attached. As the Colonel turned the pendant on his palm, bright eyes gazed back at him from the face of a beautiful woman, with an aureole of golden hair encircling the proud head, and a collarette of jewels about the throat. The letters E. M. were traced in small brilliants on the cover.

Half an hour later the Colonel, visibly excited, placed this miniature in the hand of old Jane, faithful retainer of the house, who went away and returned with a pendant precisely similar.

"It's the face of the first Evelyn Murray, Sir; her that married the laird's heir. How came it here?"

"I found it on the shore," he said, thoughtfully.

II.—THE MOON-FLOWER BLOOMS.

The wind moaned, and the trees bent before each fitful gust, shredded of leaves and blossoms; the sea grew pallid and gray beneath the lowering sky, where the clouds assumed fantastic shapes and swept rapidly across the zenith. Here the rain came with all the capricious suddenness of the Gulf Stream latitudes; vapors, previously mere fleecy plumes of sunset, gathering to denser volume, surcharged with moisture, and then succeeding darkness and terrific storms. A slender female form struggled upward from the shore, driven before the blast like a straw, as if beaten inland by the spray of whitened surges. The rain, descending with such violence that it seemed a sheet veiling the land, stung and scourged the girl, who glanced about for a place of shelter, bewildered by the savage attack of the elements. A moment before, the sun was shining, and she rambled along the brink of the sparkling waves. Now she was beyond the limits of ground where propriety demanded she should confine her solitary walk.

The spot was lonely and wild; sand of a silvery whiteness encroached on grass and shrubs in softly rounded billows, and made rapid progress impossible. At last she descried the roof of a stone hut, and ran toward it. The hut had been originally built against the side of the hill, and now the sand was creeping slowly and steadily above it, like a fate, threatening speedy demolition.

Miss Smith had no time to discover the quaint or the picturesque in the crumbling walls and half-ruined stone steps leading to the door in the second story. The shutters were closed and the door fastened. The stranger crouched under a projecting corner of the roof, somewhat ruefully gazing at the tiny garden, which consisted of a yam patch, several disheveled banana plants, and two papaw-trees holding aloft clusters of yellow fruit.

The loneliness was oppressive, with only the voice of the wind heard wailing up from the shore. The girl found herself listening, half-fearfully, to the plash of the rain, wondering if uncanny shapes lurked in the deserted house.

The sound of advancing steps made her heart beat with alarm. Over the slope of the hill came the Colonel, the storm playing pranks with his hair, while he endeavored to shield a book before him. Previous pallor was succeeded by a crimson flush on the face of Miss Smith. She bit her lip, and looked about in vain for a means of escape. If it had been any one else! The blood tingled to the tips of her fingers, and with no pleasurable emotion. Then the fact became apparent that the Colonel was more intent on the condition of his ferns than in discovering his fair neighbor. She stole a glance at him through her eyelashes. What an object she must be, her thin dress drenched and clinging, and a white shawl gathered over her head!

He had hastily selected the other end of the building for a resting-place. If she remained perfectly silent, he might not perceive her proximity, and with this suggestion came also an odd sense of security in his presence there at all. Judge of her surprise when he said, still intent on his ferns,

"I am sorry you should suffer from the ill humor of our climate. The storm will soon be over."

"I have ventured imprudently far along the shore. I was fearing this might be the residence of a Caliban," she returned, stiffly.

A momentary pause, and then, "Pardon me. Have you been in search of any lost trinket?"

He was looking at her now calmly, a little curiously, thinking that she resembled a statue standing against the gray wall, toned by the gray atmosphere, with the white shawl forming the flowing outline of requisite drapery. She braced herself, with the same movement which had characterized her before in the first interview with Lady Harriet, and gazed steadily at the papaw-trees.

"Yes."

There was not a trace of youthful coquetry in her manner; the averted face was both willful and proud. The Colonel came out of his sheltered nook, crossed the rain-swept space, and placed the chain in her hand. Relief and joy at the restoration melted the cold composure of her features, as pleasure had beamed from her eyes when she sang "Annie Laurie" to the soldiers; the mouth and chin took softer curves; a dimple lurked in the fair cheek.

"It is my talisman," she said, simply, and clasped the chain about her throat. "A spider was the cause of my losing it, I suspect."

"Then I am indebted to a spider. Evelyn Murray seems to possess a fascination for her descendants. She was clever, proud, and rather wayward, one must confess, yet her beauty atoned for all foibles."

"She was brave and true," said the girl, in a low voice.

"Ah, my daughter might have uttered those words," returned the Colonel, again studying his companion. "If the fair Evelyn of old had visited a remote station where some of her people lived, would she have suffered them to remain in ignorance of her identity, think you?"

"If she had belonged to the younger branch of a family impoverished, ruined, and forgotten, she would have been as a stranger while filling a humble position." She spoke with suppressed passion and flashing eyes. The Colonel remained silent for a time; his book of ferns imbibed moisture on the stone where he had left it.

"Cousin, will you come home with me?" extending his hand.

"Cousin three times removed, and now first seen, I am Miss Smith, governess," she said, mockingly, and reluctantly yielded her hand.

"Does Lady Harriet know—"

"Lady Harriet knows that I am well educated in music and French, and came furnished with excellent credentials. I prefer that nothing more is known."

"Am I not to claim you as my kinswoman?" he incredulously exclaimed.

She raised her eyes to his face for the first time; they were violet eyes, full, calm, serious, with too much keenness of speculation for her years.

"You have never claimed that honor before, to my knowledge," said this extraordinary young woman.

"You must not be too hard on me," said the Colonel, flushing. "I have been absent on foreign service many years, and your father absolutely buried himself on the Continent."

Mellow, careless laughter was heard; a woman and two children, residents of the hut, approached, carrying bundles of sugar-cane. The rain had lessened to mist; the setting sun, dispersing the clouds, bathed the island in glittering radiance, and imparted to the mulatto woman a tawny splendor of bronze face, enormous ear-drops, and yellow turban.

"She look like de moon-flower, Sir," said the woman, gazing after vanishing Miss Smith.

The comparison pleased the Colonel, who went his way repeating, musingly, "Like the moon-flower."

Miss Smith became an apple of discord. Originally the fruit was not to blame, and the governess, armed with discreet advice from her father, and keenly alive to possible humiliation through her own pride of race, was a passive instrument destined to interfere with other people's lives. What the first Evelyn of the miniature would have done under the circumstances was a problem unsolved. Her descendant found the garment of servitude irksome. Her pupil was docile, Lady Harriet exacting but just, and her position an easy one. Nay, more, Lady Harriet, having no son or near relative on the station for whose safety she need fear, began to entertain certain pleasurable match-making projects as regarded a pale curate and a bottle-nosed surgeon.

Here the apple of discord thwarted schemes by accepting gratefully the Major's attention on croquet lawn and cricket ground, in alarm at the preparation, and treating the Captain distantly, after he had caricatured the surgeon one evening, actuated by a malicious desire to "chaff" her at the expense of a supposed suitor. Unused to feminine rebuff, the gallant warrior chafed with wounded vanity. The girl, exaggerating airy badinage, thought that he would not have presumed thus to ridicule an equal. She avoided the Colonel and his daughter only a degree less than she avoided the old nurse, Jane. "It is all very well to be born to the golden spoon," was her heart-utterance in the inherited instinct of wrong done to a younger branch. She was bound in loyalty to dislike Evelyn, yet longed to embrace her, envying the sheltered life in the white cottage with an indulgent father. "She is the cherished exotic, while I am the wild flower, and we both sprang from the same root," she thought, with rebellious tears in the violet eyes.

At the same moment Evelyn, equally interested, was saying, "Papa, if I had Miss Smith's voice, I would make myself the most famous woman in the world."

The Colonel, watching events as an amused spectator, would scarcely have been pleased with the form envy assumed in the governess's mind. He was many years the junior of her father, and was gazed on from afar by colonial young ladies as a glorious possibility only too likely to prove unattainable to the most rash aspirations.

Thus the actors on this tiny stage were, for the most part, disconcerted by the advent of the prima donna. The Major alone found events agreeable, for Lady Harriet was ruffled in her matronly sagacity, the surgeon was disconcerted, and the curate withdrew in hopeless confusion. The Captain laughed, flirted, and played croquet.

Easter in the tropics, rich with the flowers of midsummer as compared with the delicate lilies of spring. Lady Harriet gave a ball. Sentinels paced the lawns; music floated from the verandas; the Colonel danced the first quadrille with the hostess.

Miss Smith, young and impressionable, could not resist the contagion of her pupil's gayety, or remain indifferent to the bustle of preparation. Something of her own father's *insouciance* possessed her as she wove white blossoms through the meshes of golden hair and adjusted the muslin dress.

"I am a bride or a ghost," she said, smiling at herself in the mirror. "One should look cool, if possible, when others are reddening with heat in purple and blue."

It is tiresome to be requested to attend a dowager to the tea-urn before one has fairly peeped at the ball, and then to discover the whole bright scene in motion without one. Such was Miss Smith's portion. Her little feet tapped the floor in irresistible response to the music; she waited in her corner. What did it mean? Lady Harriet claimed the Colonel to present to the Admiral's wife. He smiled at the governess, thinking her, indeed, the moon-flower among so many peonies, and she perversely resented his compassion. The Captain seemed unaware of her existence, while toying with his partner's fan. Most incomprehensible of all, the Major was absorbed over Miss Kate's card. She had relied on his devotion. Had he not found occasion to breathe many tender words in her ear, and was the expression of his small eyes to be mistaken? The triumph of this homage was not devoid of sweetness, because it possessed the element of true appreciation. Perhaps she was growing humble, after a residence of six months beneath Lady Harriet's roof. More than once the dimple had come, in moments of meditation, at the prospect of the Major's proposal. He was rich; she would marry him, and astonish these good people. Why not? Beggars could not be choosers always. Then the white cottage would rise before her, and she felt an unaccountable degree of pride in the quiet good-breeding and refinement of her kinsman.

Now the Major was keenly aware of the white form in the corner, fair and cool in crisp draperies, while he was nervous and ill at ease. The change of mood had occurred simply from his path being rendered too smooth, or rather from the fact being suggested by the Captain, who had always studied the character of his superior with the resentment of a man lacking similar advantages. The Captain must needs wed an heiress some time, and yet chose to take umbrage at pretty Miss Smith, who, in the scale of prosaic reasoning, should be actuated by the same sagacity in selection as himself.

"If a man happens to be rich, it is enough for the woman," he said, in his bitterest tones, and studied the more fortunate Major. On the day of the ball he grumbled, "Every thing is so confoundedly dull! You are in the seventh heaven, of course, as the favored man."

"Nonsense! There is no harm in a little flirtation," said the Major, languidly.

"Flirtation!" scoffed the Captain. "Why, our diva has no eyes for any one else."

The Major flushed with pleasure, and grew cold with alarm as his suspicious nature awoke. He had self-esteem and was cynical, yet he would like to be valued for himself alone. Good heavens! had he lost his head?—been too precipitate in so grave a matter as the choice of a wife? Did she betray sufficient emotion at his approach to make her a subject of comment? Was this maidenly and delicate, if she did? On the other hand, the Captain had inferred at the outset that this girl came out here to marry. He was not likely to be influenced by the Captain, and yet—what did he actually know about her? Where had she lived, and who composed her family? He must be more prudent in public: hence his caution about approaching her first at the ball. The Turkish proverb warns, "Do not observe him who speaks, but him who is the cause of his speaking." When the Major had conscientiously entered his name on many cards, suspecting criticism beneath smiles, he discovered that the white figure in the corner had vanished. The Captain, spinning around in a waltz, saw every thing. Did he rejoice? Scarcely so defined an emotion possessed him; still, Hans Andersen's magician, exhibiting a world through a wondrous glass where each strove to climb by detraction of another, declared it to be but a drop of ditch water.

Miss Smith fled. Grief has depths; wounded vanity is a surface ripple easily soothed. The splendor of the night calmed her to quiet sadness; she was alone and without friends. The music grew fainter in the distance, and the ball seemed petty, almost tawdry, when she was emancipated beneath the stars. Moonlight chastened every object; in the pure radiance garlands of climbing vines, the feathery fronds of the ferns, the pendent clusters of ripening fruit, became silver, while the wide expanse of sea beyond the grounds, crested with a molten shield of intense brilliancy, stretched away to the horizon line, like a great heart seeking and finding no response in the universe.

Steps followed down the path, where the trunks and branches overhead were reflected on the ground in grotesque forms of mosaic; the fugitive slipped behind a tamarind-tree, a shadow melting into the luminous night. She heard the Major wandering about in miserable loneliness; he questioned the sentinel, who had seen many ladies; he cast prudence to the winds by calling her name aloud. The dimple came into her cheek, but she did not reply, and pleasantly flitted on again, with a light laugh at his discomfiture.

"Await my leisure now, monsieur," she thought, defiantly, and paused spell-bound.

Had some spirit led her, a passive captive, to this spot in atonement for her chagrin and disappointment among her own kind? In the cloudless sky above hung the large moon; beyond, the sea heaved in broken reflections; and here, while other blossoms slept, amidst the darkness of surrounding leaves, flowers opened their chalices of ivory, exhaling perfume from golden censers.

As she gazed some one stood beside her, a firm hand was laid quietly on her own.

"The mulatto woman of the hut said that you were like the moon-flower. I have called you my moon-flower ever since. Descendant of the willful first Evelyn, I have received a letter from your father to-day."

She looked up at him without reply; he alone knew her among all these strangers. Stooping to read the wistful entreaty of her eyes, he placed his arm about her waist, and drew her closer to him.

"What a fortunate race we should be had all waywardness died with that first Evelyn!" he continued, playfully, yet with suppressed emotion. "I have been appointed guardian by your father from the first, and I have been rewarded only by averted looks and cold disdain. Old Evelyn, coquette though she was, would have been more generous to the man who loved her."

Perhaps it was only the moonlight on the upturned face which made the violet eyes sparkle. He gathered one of the night flowers, and laid it among the fair tresses, where it quivered with tremulous vibrations, swaying like a bell.

"Your father also assures me that it was solely the whim of Miss E. Smith to come out here as governess, and she will return to marry a French nobleman, who adores her, when she is cured of her folly."

"I would rather be independent," murmured the girl.

"Are you going back to marry him?"

"Yes," said Evelyn Murray.

"No," said Herbert Murray, and kissed her.

Lady Harriet advanced along the path; the Colonel drew his captive's hand through his arm.

"I dislike masquerading," said the hostess, when explanations had been made; but she congratulated them all the same.

The Captain remained silent for ten minutes, after learning the news, and then remarked, "I knew she was a gentlewoman, mind you."

The Major, grave and silent, went home on leave, persuaded that he had been trifled with, and that all womenkind are perfidious.

Two fair heads bent over the miniature, and the third girl smiled back at them, only with a lurking sadness in the beautiful eyes that seemed to warn of fading rose bloom and perishable youth.

"We owe all our good qualities to her, I fancy," said Evelyn the younger.

"If we only possessed her courage!" sighed Evelyn the elder. "I had not sufficient bravery to be a governess for one whole year."

Old Jane, seated beneath the palmetto-tree sewing, smiled at the Colonel.

Then the girls linked hands, by a simultaneous impulse, and as they did so a ray of light fell on the picture of a common ancestress, dead these many years.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

IT was about the seventeenth century that it was tried, with more or less success, to imitate real pearls, and the most successful means to which recourse was had was with the aid of the "Oriental essence," or a pearly white solution from the scales of the bleak, called guanine. In giving to this product the name "Oriental essence," it was with the intention of keeping the substance secret. In Anjou, although this industry (that is to say, the bleak fishery to obtain the "Oriental essence") is little known, it is no less certain that the fishermen of Ecoufflans and Ponts-de-Cé largely aid the manufacture of imitation pearls, and that they still use this name, or that of bleak white. The scale of the bleak is lubricated by a mucus, which was for a long time considered albuminous, but it is not so. This essence is very abundant, and is difficult to mix with water. It coagulates by heat to a thick white deposit, and becomes black in time if a proper remedy be not applied to prevent this deterioration, especially during the time of intense heat, during which period fishing is at its height in the Loire and the Mayenne. If the scales of the bleak are examined under the microscope, the smallest are found to be nearly round; and if the surface of one of the larger ones is lightly pressed, this "Oriental essence," under the form of a small pearly drop, issues from one of the canals and sticks to the fingers. In this mucilage an infinite number of small, rudimental, pearly scales can be seen. The largest scales are square, nearly rectangular, four times as long as they are wide; each scale has three colorless cylindrical veins. It is to M. Jaquin that this invention is due, all the more fortunate as it remedied the difficulties and bad effects of the pearls made of quicksilver placed in a glass bulb. In Anjou, in order to obtain this "Oriental essence," they only fish for the bleak; however, the scales of the dace furnish it also. The bleak (*Leuciscus arburnus*) is the only river fish which is not used for food; it is a white fish, well known in the running streams and on the flat sandy coasts of France, where the water is not deep; it is also found in the Seine, Marne, Moselle, Escaut, etc., never descending into the Black Sea, being principally found at the mouth of rivers. In Anjou they spawn on the sand in the months of May and June. For its propagation in certain parts of France artificial spawning places are made by the aid of heaps of sand, where they multiply. In Anjou recourse is not had to any artificial means; they breed under the shelter of the flat sandy coast, thus avoiding becoming the prey of other fishes.

The fishermen use a mesh net, and catch the bleak by thousands as they travel in shoals in the current, taking care not to let them get entangled in the meshes, or wound themselves, or lose a part of their large scales, but, above all, not to stain themselves with blood. The following is the process of extracting the "Oriental essence:" Men and children, provided with blunt knives, take the fish one after the other and scrape them over a shallow tub containing a little fresh water. Care is taken not to scale the black or the dorsal part, as these scales are yellow, while the white scales are very valuable. The whole is received on a horse-hair sieve. The first water, mixed with a little blood, is thrown away. The scales are then washed and pressed; the essence settles at the bottom of the tub, and it is then that we have a very brilliant, blue-white, oily mass. Warm water must not be used for the washing, as it would promote fermentation. It takes forty thousand bleaks to furnish two pounds of essence. The fishermen put this guanine in tin boxes, which they fill up with ammonia; the box is then closed and sent to Paris. Others prefer to put it in large-mouthed bottles. If a drop of the essence is taken up by a straw and let fall upon water, the guanine floats, giving forth the most brilliant colors. The intestines of the bleak are thrown away; they are, however, covered with this mucus. There is here great negligence, and, in spite of all the advice given on this subject, the fishermen lose a large part of the produce. This guanine is insoluble in water, in ammonia, and in acetic acid, but combines with sulphuric and other acids. We know that the pancreas also furnishes this substance. There is no doubt that they are wrong to neglect that which covers the intestines; although the yield would be small for each fish, it is none the less true that large quantities could be so obtained.